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THE IDYLLS OF THEOCRITUS

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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LONDON: RIVINGTONS

THE IDYLLS OF
THEOCRITUS

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

JAMES HENRY HALLARD

M.A. OXON.

'Return, Sicilian Muse'
MILTON, *Lycidas*

RIVINGTONS
34 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN
LONDON
1901

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TO MY FRIEND
DUNCAN JOHN ROBERTSON
THESE TRANSLATIONS ARE
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

Classical Languages

ORIGINAL PREFACE

(Revised)

IN these translations I have endeavoured to satisfy the requirements of the exacting scholar as well as those of the man of letters. To succeed in this dual aim with a verse translation is doubly hard, and I am fully sensible of the difficulty of the task I have undertaken; but, my labour having been in every sense a labour of love, and therefore of delight, I already feel myself in large measure rewarded.

With regard to the metres employed, it might be urged against me that while Theocritus only uses two or three (and indeed generally only one—the dactylic hexameter), my translation employs nearly a score. My reply would be that either blank verse alone, or English dactylic hexameters alone, would ‘stale the infinite variety’ which quantity and cæsura give the original.¹ The only chance for a translator of Theocritus (so it seems to me) is to vary his measures as much as possible. The principle on which I have gone is briefly this: to use blank verse for dialogue and description, anapaestic hexameters for lyric passages, and dactylic hexameters for narrative. But I

¹ One might add that motive and manner vary greatly in the poems attributed to Theocritus.

have not strictly adhered to this arrangement; I occasionally use the heroic couplet and other forms, even attempting hendecasyllables in Id. xxviii. Though sometimes altered a little, the lyric metres I employ are mainly those already familiar to us. Thanks to the metrical marvels that have been accomplished in this field by the poets of our generation, a translator has here no difficulty in finding a beautiful mould for his work. One might add that much in the tone and even in the expression of modern English poetry is favourable to the translator of Greek poetry. For perhaps it may be said without cavil that no age has better understood both the spirit and the letter of Greek literature than our own. In our translations we no longer seek to foist in conceptions foreign to the original, and in our desire to get as close as possible to the thought and expression of a Greek poet, we have sometimes even thrown aside verse altogether and used plain prose—and in certain famous instances with great success. Still, verse must remain the fitting medium for the translation of poetry.

The only originality to which I venture to lay claim is in the structure of my hexameters.¹ English dactylic hexameters² will

¹ My self-imposed law of the liquid caused me a *labor improbus*, and I now regard it merely as a counsel of perfection. Were the work to do again, I should frequently disregard this principle. Still one must avoid a clash of consonants in the short notes of the dactyl.

² I refer here to my unrimed hexameters made on the classical model.




perhaps never become a standard form of verse, but still they may be made so as not to shock the ear with gross false quantities. I have endeavoured to avoid these by never letting the second or third syllable of a foot remain short, when such syllable ends in two different consonants, or when it ends in a consonant and the next syllable or word begins with a consonant, unless one of these consonants be *h*, *w*, *y*, or one of the liquids, or unless the syllable be an easily slurred vocable like *and*, *with*, etc.¹ Doubtless, stress must largely take the place of quantity; but still, the nearer one can bring one's line to the classical model, consistently with the genius of English verse, the more harmonious it becomes. English poets who have employed this metre have almost universally neglected quantity. They have also neglected cæsura—another principle which I have endeavoured to follow so far as it is possible in a language which, by its *overwhelmingly* stress-accented nature, precludes the *ictus* of the verse from falling on an unaccented syllable. Cæsuras in English must of necessity be mainly monosyllables. The disrepute which hexameters have incurred among us arises largely from the neglect of quantity and cæsura which, as I have already said, our poets have shown; but still, naturally, the mere fact that the beat of the verse *must* in

¹ Long vowels and diphthongs, not long by position, may be sometimes scanned as short.

English coincide with the stress of the word,¹ and even avoid falling on unimportant words, and (as far as possible) not skip important ones, makes this metre a somewhat stilted one at best. Moreover, good spondees are rare in English, and the English dactylic 'lilt' has a tendency, not usually recognised, to sound like prose. This, however, is not true of *anapæstic* hexameters.²

And now a word with regard to the language of my translation. To many people it will appear—as it has already appeared to more than one authority—that the proper vehicle for translating Theocritus would be Scots. But apart from the fact that Scots has broader vowels than English, what other analogy does it bear to Dorian Greek? Was Scots ever adopted by English poets as Doric was adopted for lyric purposes by the Attic tragedians? Had Dorian Greek in the time of Theocritus fallen into

¹ This has sometimes been disputed (*e.g.* see Mr. W. J. Stone's treatise on the use of classical metres in English), but, I think, quite unsuccessfully.

² The true dactylic 'lilt' would seem (musically expressed) to be this: , the anapæstic this: . Now, in English, the dactyl is apt to degenerate into a triplet  with the stress-accent so distributed—a prosaic cadence. The Greek and Latin dactyl was *túm-tí-tí*, and not *túm-tí-tí*. Take Virgil's famous line, 'Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.' If we read *túm-tí-tí*, the horse is only cantering; if we read *túm-tí-tí*, it is galloping. Of course we *may* scan an English dactylic hexameter thus: | - | - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - | and so get rid of the triplet cadence; but unless the majority of the lines begin with an anapæst, we unconsciously lapse from *tí-tí-túm* into *túm-tí-tí*.

desuetude as Scots has? Had it become the all-but exclusive language of the common folk in lands of Dorian speech? Had it, through corruption and degradation, come to sound vulgar in well-bred Dorian ears? Again, are the associations of the Theocritean idylls in any way comparable with anything in Scottish literature? Do Allan Ramsay's people, for example, have the faintest far-away resemblance to those of Theocritus? Can one imagine a Lothian shepherd pouring forth a passionate song about a beautiful youth? To me it seems that all these questions must be answered in the negative. Moreover, there are other reasons against translating Theocritus into Scots, which in themselves would be sufficient. Theocritus does not write Doric alone, he also uses Aeolic, and old Ionic—*i.e.* epic forms. These last naturally are taken from Homer and often occur. Now Homer was to the Greeks what the Bible and Shakespeare are to us. In translating Theocritus, therefore, one's diction ought sometimes perhaps to recall Shakespeare and the Bible. This reason alone might almost preclude Scots. But, besides this, it cannot be too often insisted on that Theocritus, in spite of all his seeming *naïveté*, was *not* (as Burns on the whole *was*) an inspired yeoman writing mainly for his own class. He was a subtle-minded, cultured, self-conscious and delicate artist, living at refined and voluptuous courts in a decadent age of literature, and writing for the pleasure of kings. His style is the flower of a literary

hot-house. It is composite, many-coloured, and rich in reminiscence and archaism. How then could the language of such a poet be transmuted into the language of a people among whose literary qualities delicacy and refinement can scarcely be reckoned prominent? No doubt Theocritus had profoundly felt the charm of Sicilian peasant life, and so, it may be argued, had Allan Ramsay profoundly (?) felt the charm of the peasant life he knew. But what a difference there is in the two *milieus*! How unlike Daphnis is to Patie! How different are the wooded slopes of Etna from the bleak Pentland Hills! What a leap in the imagination from Arethusa to the springs of Habbie's Howe! One concession however I *have* made to the claims of the dying Scottish tongue. I have occasionally used words which, though not unknown to English ears, are yet much commoner north of the Tweed, I mean homely and poetical words like *whiles*, *yestreen*, *remede*, etc.

I have mainly consulted the admirable edition of Fritzsche, as amended by Hiller (Ed. 1881), but I have not hesitated to borrow from Paley and Wordsworth when it seemed to me that their readings or interpretations were better. I have also availed myself of such help as I could derive from previous translations of the poet, notably Mr. Lang's admirable prose version.

My best thanks for much acute criticism and much sound advice are due to my friend and former tutor, Baron F. de Paravicini of Balliol, who kindly consented to revise my work. I have also to thank my friend Mr. P. H. Pritchard for invaluable help and suggestions given me when I was correcting my proof-sheets.

J. H. H.

EDINBURGH, *January* 1894.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

DURING the last five years I have made many little changes in these translations, changes intended for the most part to improve the flow of the verse—especially of the hexameters. Monsieur Legrand's exhaustive *Etude sur Théocrite* has been of great service to me in correcting mistranslations; and I have to thank Mr. A. C. Clark, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, for kindly revising the proof-sheets of this edition, and Mr. J. W. Mackail, late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, for many valuable suggestions.

J. H. H.

OXFORD, *December* 1900.

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THE SONG OF THE DEATH OF DAPHNIS

THYRSIS

Sweet is the music of yon whispering pine
 Beside the springs; and, goatherd, sweetly too
 Thou pipest. Next to Pan's were thy award;
 Were his the hornèd he-goat, thine were the dam;
 If his the dam, to thee the kid should fall,—
 And dainty is the flesh of an unmilked kid.

GOATHERD

Sweeter, O shepherd, is a song of thine
 Than the loud murmur of yon waterfall
 That plashes down the crag; and were the ewe
 To be the Muses' guerdon, thine should be
 The lamb that keeps the fold; chose they the lamb,
 Thine were the ewe.

THYRSIS

I prithee by the Nymphs,
 Sit thee, O goatherd, on this sloping knoll,

THE SONG OF THE

Where tamarisks make a shade, and pipe to me,
And I will tend thy goats for thee the while.

GOATHERD

Nay, shepherd, nay, in the heat of summer noon
I dare not pipe ; for at that hour doth Pan,
Weary with hunting, take his rest, and him
I fear. Morose of mood is he, and Wrath
Sits like a watcher on his nostrils ever.
But thou can'st sing the song of Daphnis' woe,
And well hast learned the shepherd Muse's lore.
Come, sit we, Thyrsis, 'neath this elm-tree's shade
Fronting Priapus and the fountain-nymphs
That stand anigh the oaks and the shepherds' seat.
If but thou sing now as thou sangest once,
Striving with Libyan Chromis, thine shall be
Three milkings of this goat that suckles twins,—
Yet none the less two pailfuls more can yield ;
And thine shall be a drinking-cup twy-eared,
Well waxed, new-wrought, still smelling of the chisel,
Around whose lip there twines an ivy-wreath
With everlastings pranked ; the spray below
Winds gladdened with its own gold fruit. Betwixt them
A woman stands divinely wrought, adorned
With robe and snood ; on either hand of her
A man with fair long hair, who each with other
Wrangle in words, nor move her heart at all.
But now she smiles and looks on one, now throws
Her light heart to the other. They, poor lads,

Are heavy-eyed, and vex themselves in vain.
An aged fisher, too, thereon is wrought,
Who standing on a reef, with mighty net
Drawn bravely backward for another throw,
Toils with a will. His every limb seems set
On fishing, and each sinew on his neck
Swells, for the old man's strength is like a youth's.
Anigh that wave-worn sire a vineyard bows
Beneath its comely load of ruddy grapes ;
A little lad sits on a dry-stone wall
To watch and ward ; two foxes round him roam ;
One prowls among the vine-rows pilfering
The ripest clusters, while the other plots
A raid on the boy's wallet, and has vowed
To wreck his morning meal. But he the while
Weaves for himself a pretty locust-net
With asphodel, fitting it on a rush,
And heeds no whit his wallet or the vines,
So happy in his plaiting. About the cup
The soft acanthus spreads—a marvel 'tis
Of art Æolian—yea, a miracle.
To the ferryman of Calydon I gave
A she-goat and a large white cheese for it.
Ne'er has it touched my lips, but still it lies
Unhanselled. Gladly will I give it thee,
If thou wilt sing me that delightful lay.
I mock thee not.—Come, friend, thou can'st not take
Thy song with thee to the forgetful land.

THYRSIS

Oh, raise, dear Muses, raise the shepherds' song.

Thyrsis of Etna am I; it is Thyrsis' sweet voice singing.
Where, ah, where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis was waning
away?

Not where Anapus floweth, or Acis' rill is springing;
Not on Etna, no, but on Pindus, or Tempe's knolls that day.

Oh, raise, dear Muses, raise the shepherds' song.

Him the jackals bewailed, and for him the wolves were moaning,
The lion came from the copse and mourned for the fair dead
youth.

At his feet was a throng of kine and oxen weeping and groaning,
The heifers and lowing calves lamented for pity and ruth.

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

First from the hill came Hermes and said: 'What sorrow assails
thee,

Daphnis, whom dost thou love? prithee, dear lad, tell me true.'
All were gathered together and said: 'Oh, tell what ails thee'—
Shepherds and hinds and goatherds, and old Priapus too.

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

Quoth he to him: 'Why, poor Daphnis, pine like an idle dreamer?
By every woodland and spring thy love is a-roaming now.

Thee she desires, O thou luckless in love, thou sorry schemer;
'Neatherd' once thou wast called, but now like a goatherd art thou.

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

When the goatherd sees the goats at their wanton amorous playing,
He weeps and wishes that *he* had been born a he-goat too ;
And thou, when thou see'st the maidens laugh, would'st fain be
a-maying
With them in the dance, fond youth, and thine eyes are wet with
dew.'

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

Not a word did the herdsman speak, nor heeded he their beguiling,
But held through his bitter love to the bitter end of death.

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

And the goddess of Cyprus came ; in her heart she was sweetly
smiling,

But anger she feignèd still and a bitter word she saith :

'Daphnis, once thou did'st vaunt that Love was a weakly foeman,
Lo, thou hast tried a fall, and art thrown by the sore god now.'

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

And he answered and said : 'Fell Cypris, accursèd, dear to no
man,

Set is my latest sun ? So be it—yet hearken thou—

E'en in the underworld shall Daphnis be Love's undoing.—

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

To Ida begone, where of yore in the depths of an oak-wood vale
To a herdsman's love thou did'st yield, to the voice of Anchises'
wooing ;

Oak-woods are yonder—*here* there is nought but galingale.

In his bloom is Adonis now, his flock to the pasture leading ;
His arrow smiteth the hare, and the chase is his delight.
Or get thee to Tydeus' son, and say to him: "Daphnis is bleeding,
Daphnis the herdsman—lo, thee too I dare to the fight."

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

Ye jackals and wolves and bears that on hillsides make your lair,
Farewell, for Daphnis the herdsman no longer shall ye see there;
No more shall the thickets know him, the groves shall know him
no more ;

Farewell, Arethusa, and ye fair streams that from Thymbris pour.
Low lieth Daphnis now that herded his kine once here,
And led to the side of the water his heifer-calf and steer.

O Muses, raise again the shepherds' song.

Pan, O Pan, art thou roaming the high Lycæan brow,
Or rangest Maenalus' hill ?—To Sicily speed thee now,—
The barrow of Helice leaving, Lycaon's daughter's grave,
A marvel to blessed gods—come hither across the wave.

Oh, cease, ye Muses, cease the shepherds' song.

Take thou my shepherd's pipe wax-banded, a lovely thing,
My pipe that is honey-sweet, that curves on the lip, O King ;
For Love will hale me away unto Hades' house ere long.

Oh, cease, ye Muses, cease the shepherds' song.

From acanthus and brambles hereafter may violets now be born,
And rife may the fair white daffodil wave on the juniper thorn !
All things madly be mingled, for Daphnis lies alow,

Hounds be baited by harts, and pears on the pine-tree grow,
Owls of the hillside vie with the nightingale's warbling throng !'
Oh, cease, ye Muses, cease the shepherds' song.

These were his words, and he ceased, and the goddess was fain
to restore him,
But his life-thread came no more from the Fates, and now was an
end.

To the river of Death he sped, and away the waters bore him,
A man by the Nymphs beloved, and the Muses called him friend.
Oh, cease, ye Muses, cease the shepherds' song.

Bring hither now the goat for me to milk her,
And give the cup, that to the Muses I
May pour libation. Muses, fare ye well—
A long farewell. Some other while I'll sing
A sweeter song.

GOATHERD

O Thyrsis, may thy mouth
Be filled with honey and the honeycomb !
Sweet figs of Aegilus be thine to eat !
For no cicala sings so sweet as thou.
Take the cup, friend, and note how sweet it smells—
Thou'lt ween that in the well-spring of the Hours
It hath been dipped. Hither, Cissaetha, hither !
Go, milk her, thou. Ye other she-goats there,
Beware the he-goat's horns and cease your skipping !

THE INCANTATION

WHERE are the bay-leaves?—Bring them, Thestylis—
And where the drugs that work love-witcheries?
Go twine the bowl with yarn of crimson grain,
That I may lure my love that cruel is.

These twelve days past he hath not come to me,
Nor knows he if alive or dead I be;
He hath not beaten at my door, the churl;
Some new love holds his fickle fantasy.

Tomorrow to the wrestling-school I'll go,
And to his face upbraid him with my woe;
But now shall glamour bind him. Brightly shine,
Moon, for to thee will I sing soft and low.

I sing also to nether Hecate,
Her whom the trembling hounds with terror see
Coming athwart the barrows and dark blood—
All hail, dread goddess! bide thou near to me.

Make these drugs strong as those of Circe fair
Or Perimede of the golden hair,

That knew all poisons of the wide-wayed earth,
And puissant as Medea's deadly snare.

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

The barley first shall burn in Delphis' name;
Sprinkle it, Thestylis.—Would'st mock my shame,
Thou shameless one? Whither have flown thy wits?
Say: 'Delphis' bones I sprinkle in the flame.'

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

Delphis hath wronged me, and I burn this bay
In name of Delphis; as it wastes away
Crackling and swift-consumed, no ashes seen,
So be his flesh to fiery flames a prey!

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

Lo, as I melt this wax, and heaven implore,
So may love melt the Myndian to the core;
And as love's goddess whirls this brazen wheel,
So whirl she him one day about my door!

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

The chaff I'll burn now; Artemis, thy spell
Can shake the very adamant of Hell.—
Hark, Thestylis, the dogs howl through the city!
The Queen is at the cross-roads—beat the bell.

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

THE INCANTATION

Lo now the winds and seas asleep are laid,
But my heart's ache sleeps not and is not stayed,
Ah me, for I am all aflame for him
That left me not a wife nor yet a maid !

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

Whether with girl or boy my love now lie,
Thrice will I pour, O Lady, thrice will cry :
Be his new love forgot, as Theseus once
Forgat his fair-tressed love in days gone by !

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

Upon Arcadia's hills a herb doth grow
Whereof the fleet mares taste, and madness know ;
May I see Delphis from the wrestling-school
Rush to my threshold maddened even so !

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

This fringe did Delphis from his mantle shed ;
The raging fire shall burn it shred by shred.
Ah, grievous Love, why cling like fenny leech
Till all the dark blood from my flesh be bled ?

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

An eft I'll bray tomorrow and shall bear
An evil draught to him. Now take with care
These magic herbs and rub them, Thestylis,
High on his door-post while the signs are fair ;

THE INCANTATION

11

Then putting forth a spitting-charm say: 'Here
Upon this door-post Delphis' bones I smear.'

Turn, magic wheel, and lure my lover home.

Now she is gone, I will weep for my love and my miseries.
Where to begin? Who wrought them? Eubulus's daughter
young,

Anaxo, basket on head, to the grove of Artemis
Came with a wild-beast train and a lioness thereamong.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Theucarides' Thracian maid, who, alive, was my nurse of yore,
Who dwelt anigh to my home, besought me to go with her there,
To view the pageant. I went, and a long linen robe I wore,
And over its folds was flung Clearista's mantle fair.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Midway, by the house of Lycon, I saw together go
Delphis and Eudamippus; their beards had the golden flame
Of the everlasting-flowers, and their breasts a brighter glow
Than thine, O Moon; for the youths from the glory of wrestling
came.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

I saw, I maddened, I loved, deep-smitten unto the core,
And naught I recked of the pageant, my beauty waned away;
And how to my home I won I know not, but fever sore
Shattered me on my couch for many a night and day.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

And oft would my flesh grow pale as saffron, and all my hair
Fell from my head; naught other than skin and bones was I.
To what old witch's abode did I not often repair,
But get me no healing thence?—and the time went ever by.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Then to my slave at the last I uttered a word of sooth:
'Thestylis, find me a cure for love and its grievous blight;
The Myndian hath me in thrall; go thou and watch for the youth
By the wrestling-school, for there to seat him is his delight.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

And when thou see'st him alone, nod gently and say in his ear:
"Simaetha bids thee to her," then lead him hither,' I said.
Swiftly she hied her and brought me the smooth-limbed Delphis
here;

And when I beheld him lightly over my threshold tread,—

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love,—

Colder than snow I grew, and the sweat in a dewy stream
Brake from my brow, and not so much could I say to him
As a murmuring child may say to its mother beheld in a dream;
But like to a waxen image I stiffened in every limb.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

And the cruel one looked upon me, then cast his eyes on the floor,
And sat him down on my bed; and sitting he thus began:
'Simaetha, thy summons outstripped my coming here to thy door
As little as I the handsome Philinus once outran.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Yea, by sweet Love, I had come unbidden at fall of night
With boon-fellows two or three, and the dearest I could find—
In my bosom the wine-god's fruit, on my head the poplar white,
Heracles' sacred burgeon with fillets of purple twined.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

And well for you both had it been had ye opened, for all youths say
That comely and fleet am I; and sleep my soul had assuaged
After but one sweet kiss; but had barred doors kept us away,
Then surely had torch and axe their warfare against you waged.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

The Cyprian chiefly, I ween, my thanks for this boon hath earned,
And next, O my lady, thou that hast reft me from the fire,
Bidding me hither to come that am nigh to ashes burned;
For fiercer than Lipara's flame is the flame of love's desire.

Bethink thee, Lady Moon, whence came my love.

Oft hath it scared from her bower the maiden with passion mad,
And the bride from her lord's warm couch.'

He spake; I heard and was glad,
And took him, alas! by the hand and softly drew him alow
On the soft bed by my side, and our limbs began to glow,
And hotter became our cheeks and so sweetly whispered we . . .
But I need not babble all the story, O Moon, to thee.
Love's rites were accomplished, and we both tasted of Love's
delight;
And ever till yesterday I found favour and grace in his sight,

As he did in mine; but today, at what hour the early Dawn
Up from the sea to the sky by her fleet-foot steeds was drawn,
The mother of Samian Philista the flute-girl hither came,
And told me of many things, but chiefly of Delphis' flame;
But whether to girl or boy my love now his homage pays,
She knew not surely, she said,—this only: in some love's praise
He aye bade pour of the unmixed wine, and fled in the end,
Vowing to deck with flowers the house of his 'darling friend.'
These were her words, and true are they, for afoetime he
Came oft and would leave his Dorian oil-bottle here with me.
But, alas! twelve days have gone, yet I have beheld him not,
Sure he hath some new love and me hath he quite forgot.
But now shall a love-charm bind him; or, if he wrong me more,
And knock not at *mine*, by the Fates, he shall knock at Hades' door;
For in my coffer, O Queen, drugs baneful and deadly lie
Which an Assyrian stranger gave me in days gone by.

Farewell to thee now, O Lady! and turn thy steeds to the sea,
And I with a steadfast soul will endure this grievous blight.
Farewell, O thou fair-limbed goddess Moon! yea and farewell, ye,
Ye other stars that attend the chariot of quiet Night!

III

THE DESPERATE LOVER

I'LL sing to Amaryllis while my goats
Tended by Tityrus browse along the hill.
O Tityrus, O my loved one, feed my goats,
And lead them to the spring, and oh ! beware
The horns of yonder tawny Libyan buck.

Fair Amaryllis, why no more wilt thou welcome me
To thy cave, nor peep and call me thy love? Am I loathed by thee?

Is my nose too flat when thou see'st me anear, my chin too long?
Girl, thou wilt drive me to hang myself for this cruel wrong.

Lo ! here, from the tree thou bad'st me to pluck them, half a score
Of apples I bring, and tomorrow I'll bring thee as many more.

Ah, look on my grievous woe ! ah, would that I now might turn
To yon humming-bee, and so win through to thy shy retreat,
Lightly thridding the clinging ivy and sheltering fern !

Now know I Love and his grievous might. A lioness' teat
He sucked, and was reared by his dam in an oakwood's deep recess.
He drives his dart to the bone ; I am smouldering in his heat.

Beautiful-glanceing, dark-browed girl, O thou loveliness,
Fold thy goatherd to thee that so I may kiss thee, dear ;
For e'en in an empty kiss is a sweet delightfulness.

Thou wilt make me rend in shreds the coronal I bring here,
With ivy and fragrant parsley and roses bound, for thee.
What shall I do, ah me, poor wretch ? Wilt thou not give ear ?

I shall doff my cloak and leap from yon headland into the sea,
Where Olpis the fisherman watches for tunny down in the bay ;
And if I be drowned—ah well—my death will be joy to thee.

This bitter thing did I learn as I mused upon thee one day ;
For a poppy-petal I smote as it lay on my elbow smooth,
But it gave no crack, and the *love-in-absence* withered away.

Groio the sieve-divineress told me erewhile the truth,
She that would gather the hay by my side as I reaped on the lea ;
For all of my heart is thine, but thou reck'st not of me, poor youth.

A white she-goat with her two young kids was I keeping for thee ;
But Erithacis asks me for them—the girl with the dusky brow,
And I will give them to her, for thou but playest with me.

My right eye quivers—shall I see her now ?
Here by this pine I'll throw me down and sing ;
Perchance she'll cast on me a pitying look,
For sure she is not made of adamant.

Hippomenes yearned a maid to wed—
Apples he took and ran—
Love's wave went o'er Atalanta's head
When she beheld the man.

Melampus the prophet drove his neat
From Othrys to Pylos town,
And Alpheisiboea's mother sweet
In Bias' arms lay down.

Adonis upon the mountain-sides
So maddened with love's unrest
Love's Queen, that e'en in death he bides
For ever on her breast.

Happy Endymion is, I trow,
Who sleepeth and waketh not,
And ye profane shall never know
Iasion's happy lot.

My head aches, but thou carest not; I'll sing
No more, but here will lay me down and die:
And wolves shall batten on my flesh. May that
Be sweet to thee as honey in the mouth!

IV

COUNTRY TATTLE

BATTUS

SAY, Corydon, are these Philondas' kine?

CORYDON

Nay, Aegon's; but he gave them me to tend.

BATTUS

Dost milk them all at evening secretly?

CORYDON

Nay, for the old man puts the calves himself
Beneath the mothers, and keeps watch on me.

BATTUS

Whither is gone the master of the herd?

CORYDON

Oh, know'st thou not? Milo hath ta'en him off
Unto Olympia.

BATTUS

Oh, and when hath Aegon
Ever set eye upon the wrestler's oil?

CORYDON

Men say he is a match for Heracles
In strength and lustihood.

BATTUS

My mother says
That I'm a better man than Polydeuces !

CORYDON

He's ta'en a hoe with him and twenty sheep !

BATTUS

Milo will teach the wolves to raven next !

CORYDON

And now the heifers' lowing tells their loss.

BATTUS

Poor beasts ! They have a sorry master too.

CORYDON

Poor beasts indeed ! they care no more to browse.

BATTUS

That heifer-calf is but a ruck of bones.
Feeds it on dewdrops like the grasshopper ?

CORYDON

Nay ; whiles I lead her by Aesarus' banks,
And give her a fair wisp of tender grass ;
And whiles she skips anigh Latumnus' groves.

BATTUS

That red bull's lean. My fellow-citizens,
The Lampriads should get it when they make
To Here sacrifice—the township's needy.

CORYDON

Yet to the Mere's mouth, and to Phycus' fields
He's sent a-browsing, and Neaethus' banks,
Where grows lush plenty of delightful herbs,
Share-wood and vetches and sweet-smelling balm.

BATTUS

Alack! the kine will go to Hades too.
Fie, Aegon, on thy lust for victory!
I'll warrant, too, the pipe is mildewed o'er
That erst thou madest.

CORYDON

Nay, by the Nymphs, not it.
For when the master parted Pisa-wards,
He left it as a gift to me, and I
A player am, for sweetly can I raise
The airs of Glaucus and of Pyrrhus too,
The praises of fair Croto and Zacynthus
And easterly Lacinium, where of yore
The boxer Aegon by himself devoured
Four score of barley-cakes, and from the hill
Lugged by the hoof a bull, the which he gave
To Amaryllis, and the women screamed,
But he, the herdsman, laughed outright thereat.

BATTUS

Sweet Amaryllis, thou alone shalt ne'er
Forgotten be by me, though dead thou art.
Dear as my goats to me, so dear art thou,
Dead sweetheart. Woe is me! what cruel god
Hath me in hold?

CORYDON

Come, be of better cheer,
Dear Battus; on the morrow things will mend.
The quick have hope, only the dead have none—
And whiles Zeus gives the sunshine, whiles the rain.

BATTUS

'Tis nothing. Cudgel up the calves from there!—
The brutes are nibbling at the olive-shoots.
Sh! sh! thou white-skin, sh!

CORYDON

Sh! sh! Cymaetha!
Up to the hill, I say! By Pan, I'll come
And put harsh ending to thy pranks, unless
Thou get from there! See, how she edges back!
Would I had had my crooked shepherd's-staff,
To beat thee with!

BATTUS

Oh, Corydon, look here,
In heaven's name! A thorn has just run in
Beneath my ankle-bone. How thick they grow,
The spindle-thistles! Plague upon that calf!

COUNTRY TATTLE

I got the prick while gaping after her.
Can'st see the thorn?

CORYDON

Yes, yes, I hold it now
Between my finger-nails, and here it is!

BATTUS

How small a wound can quell a valiant man!

CORYDON

Ne'er come thou bare-foot to the mountain, Battus;
For prickly-thorns and briars flourish there.

BATTUS

Come, tell me, Corydon, doth Aegon still
Sport with that dark-haired beauty, once his flame?

CORYDON

Still, rascal, still! the other day I came
And found him dallying beside the byre.

BATTUS

Well done, old wench! Sure his lineage
Rivals the Satyrs or the goat-foot Pans!

THE SINGING-MATCH

COMATAS

My she-goats, shun that shepherd of Sibyrtas,
Lacon; he stole my goatskin yesterday.

LACON

Sh! ewe-lambs, from that well there; see ye not
Comatas, that once stole my shepherd's-pipe?

COMATAS

What pipe, thou *slave*? and when had'st thou a pipe?
And why dost thou no more with Corydon
Puff scrannel music on thine oaten straw?

LACON

The pipe that Lycon gave me once, sir *freeman*.—
But when did Lacon ever steal a fleece
From thee, Comatas? E'en Eumarides
Thy master ne'er had aught to sleep upon.

COMATAS

'Twas Crocyllus gave it me—a dappled one—
The day he slew the she-goat to the Nymphs;
And thou did'st pine with envy even then,
Thou knave, and now at length hast stripped me bare.

THE SINGING-MATCH

LACON

Nay, by the sea-shore Pan, it was not Lacon, ,
Calaethis' son, that stole thy fleecy coat,—
Else may I leap a madman into Crathis!

COMATAS

Nay, nay, my friend, by those nymphs of the mere
(Gracious and kind to me may they be ever!),—
'Twas ne'er Comatas filched thy shepherd's-pipe.

LACON

If I believe thee, Daphnis' woes be mine!
Yet if thou stake a kid—a paltry prize—
Then will I sing against thee till thou yield.

COMATAS

'The sow defied Athene'—Well, here stands
The kid, and do thou gage the fattened lamb.

LACON

How, rogue, can this an equal bargain be?
Who would shear goats' hair rather than sheep's wool?
And who would rather milk a wretched bitch
Than milk a she-goat with a first-born kid?

COMATAS

He that would think like thee to worst his mate,
A wasp 'gainst the cicala. But since thou
Deem'st not the kid a stake of equal worth,
Here is this he-goat—do thine uttermost.

LACON

Nay, why such haste? Thou'rt not afire—wilt sing
More at thine ease beneath this olive-tree,
Where chilly water flows anigh the woods.
Here is lush grass, and here a couch is strewn,
And here are chattering locusts.

COMATAS

Nay, no whit

I haste, but grievèd sore at heart am I
That thou should'st dare, with those unswerving eyne,
To look upon my face; for thee I taught,
When thou wast but a child—O Charity,
This is thine end! Now go and rear wolf-whelps,
As they were hounds, and be devoured by them!

LACON

When did I learn or hear aught fair from thee,
Thou envious and unseemly mannikin?

COMATAS

When I did that to thee which made thee weep,
The while the he-goats topped the bleating shes.

LACON

Thy grave be shallow, hunchback, as that insult!
Hither and sing—'twill be thy latest song.

COMATAS

Thither I will not. Oak and galingale
Are here, and bees hum sweetly round the hives.

Here be two springs of water fresh, and here
 The birds are twittering on the trees; the shade
 Is cooler than by thee, and from on high
 The pine-tree flings her cones upon the ground.

LACON

Here thou shalt tread on sheep-skins and on wool
 Softer than sleep. Thy goat-hides fouler smell
 Than dost thyself. A great bowl of white milk
 Will I set forth, another of sweet oil
 Unto the Nymphs.

COMATAS

Come here, and thou shalt tread
 Soft feathery-fern and flowering penny-royal;
 And 'neath thee shall be strewn my she-goats' fells,
 Far softer than thy lamb-skins, and eight pails
 Of milk will I set forth to Pan, and eight
 Vessels with richest honeycombs therein.

LACON

Begin the singing-match from where thou art;
 Tread thine own ground and keep thine oaks. But who
 Shall judge betwixt us, who? Would old Lycopas
 The neatherd came this way!

COMATAS

I want not him,
 But an thou wilt, let's call yon woodcutter
 That gathers heather nigh thee there. 'Tis Morson.

LACON

Well, let us shout.

COMATAS

Call thou.

LACON

Ho ! friend, come here,
And listen for a while ; for we two strive
For mastery in song. Show me no favour,
Morson, nor give to him more than his due.

COMATAS

Yea, by the Nymphs, dear Morson, to Comatas
Grant only what is just, nor favour Lacon.
Those sheep are Thyrian Sibyrtas' flock,
These goats, Eumarides the Sybarite's.

LACON

In God's name, rogue, who asked thee if the flock
Were mine or master's ?—babbler that thou art !

COMATAS

My best of men, I ever tell the truth.
No boaster I—too saucy is thy tongue.

LACON

Come, say thy say, and let our friend return
Alive to his town. Pan, what a chatterer !

THE SINGING-MATCH

COMATAS

The Muses love me better far
Than Daphnis, lord of lay ;
For unto them I sacrificed
Two kids upon a day.

LACON

Yea, and Apollo loves me well ;
For him a ram I rear ;—
The shepherd-feast of Carnea
Is drawing close anear.

COMATAS

The goats I milk have brought forth twins,
And barren are but twain ;
The maiden looked and cried, ' Alack,
Dost milk alone, poor swain ? '

LACON

Aha ! but Lacon nigh a score
Of baskets fills with cheese,
And fondly clasps the boy he loves
Upon the flowery leas.

COMATAS

With apples Clearista pelts
Her goatherd driving by
His she-goats, and with lips that kiss
She chirps right pleasantly.

THE SINGING-MATCH

29

LACON

To meet my smooth-cheeked Cratidas
Makes me the shepherd mad,
For softly float upon his neck
The love-locks of the lad.

COMATAS

Nay, who the wild rose or wind-flower
Would liken to the rose
That in a bed beside the wall
Within a garden grows?

LACON

And who than apples of the hill
Would acorns rather eat?
To these the oak gives bitter husks,
But those are honey-sweet.

COMATAS

A cushat will I straightway steal
From off the juniper,
Whereon it ever wents to brood,
And give it unto her.

LACON

And I will give a woolly fleece
To Cratidas, my dear,
To make a cloak withal when I
The dusky ewe shall shear.

THE SINGING-MATCH

COMATAS

Sh! from the olives, bleating goats,
Come hither from below;
Here is a sloping knoll, and here
Are tamarisks enow.

LACON

Back from that oak-tree, Conarus,
Cymaetha, browse this way,
Where old Phalarus crops the slope
That fronts the rising day.

COMATAS

A pail of cypress-wood have I,
Also a mixing-cup—
’Twas fashioned by Praxiteles—
For her I hoard them up.

LACON

My dog can throttle wolves, and holds
The flock in loving thrall;
Him will I give to my beloved
To hunt wild beasts withal.

COMATAS

Locusts that overleap my hedge,
For pity’s sake, I pray,
Oh, do no scathe unto my vines,
For youngling plants are they.

THE SINGING-MATCH

31

LACON

Ye grasshoppers, behold how I
The goatherd sting, for ye
Not otherwise the reapers vex
By singing ceaselessly.

COMATAS

I loathe the foxes bushy-tailed,
That come at shut of eve
By Micon's vineyard-close, and aye
Go prowling round to thieve.

LACON

I hate the lady-birds that come
Wind-wafted to the trees
Wherefrom Philondas gathers figs,
And feed their fill on these.

COMATAS

Dost thou remember how I played
A merry jest on thee,
And how thou did'st enjoy the sport
And cling to yonder tree?

LACON

Not I; but well I mind that thou
Wast bound to that same oak,
And cudgelled by Eumarides,
Who stinted ne'er a stroke.

THE SINGING-MATCH

COMATAS

Ha ! Morson, dost thou note how sore
My gibes his bosom harrow ?—
Go pluck me withered squills forthwith
From off some dead man's barrow.

LACON

Methinks I'm hurting somebody.
Did'st note it, Morson, then ?—
Go hie thee unto Hales' banks,
And dig up cyclamen.

COMATAS

May Himera now flow with milk,
And Crathis blush with wine,
And berry-clusters rife and ripe
Upon the marshwort shine !

LACON

May Sybaris' fountain honey pour,
That so at early dawn,
Instead of water, honey-dew
In the maid's pail be drawn !

COMATAS

My she-goats browse on clover-shrub
And goatswort on the lea ;
They tread on lentisk leaves, and lie
Beneath the strawberry-tree.

LACON

My ewes feed on the balsam sweet
That on their pasture grows,
And rock-flower blooming rife and fair
With blossoms like the rose.

COMATAS

Aleippe kissed me not when I
Gave her a cushat-dove,
Nor took my face between her hands—
Her I no longer love.

LACON

But dear to me Eumedes is,
And dearly he loves me;
For when I gave a pipe to him,
He kissed me heartily.

COMATAS

It is not meet the nightingale
Be challenged by the jay,
Nor swans by hoopoes—but, poor lad,
Thou 'rt fain of fighting aye.

MORSON

I bid the shepherd cease. To thee, Comatas,
Morson awards the ewe-lamb. Sacrifice
Her to the Nymphs, and unto Morson send
Straightway a portion of her dainty flesh.

COMATAS

By Pan, I'll send it. Frolic, all my herd
Of young he-goats, and mark how I shall crow
Over the shepherd Lacon; for at last
I've won the lamb. I'll skip you to the sky.
Cheerly, my hornèd goats! tomorrow morn
I'll wash you all in Sybaris' lake.—Ho there!
Thou wanton white-face, if thou dare to back
One of the shes, I'll geld thee ere I slay
The ewe-lamb to the Nymphs.—Again he tries!
May I become Melanthius, and no more
Be called Comatas, an I geld thee not!

POLYPHEMUS AND GALATEA

DAMOETAS and the herd-boy Daphnis once
 Into one spot, Aratus, on a day
 Together drove their kine. The cheeks of one
 Were touched with russet down; the other bore
 A youthful beard. Both sat them by a spring
 That summer morn, and sang these songs; and first
 Daphnis began, for he had raised the strife.

‘See how thy sweetheart pelts thy flock, Polyphemus, with apples,

Mocking the “goatherd man,” calling him “luckless-in-love.”

Fool! thou regardest not, but piping sweetly thou sittest.

Ah! there again, see there, look at her pelting the dog!

Faithful ward of the flock, he scampers along by the ripples

Softly that hiss on the shore, stares at his image and yelps.

Take heed lest he leap on the limbs of the maiden coming

Forth from the sea, and the girl’s beautiful body be torn.

See how the wanton plies her wiles in the midst of the water,

Light as a thistle’s down dried by the midsummer sun!

Woody, she will flee, but shunned, pursue, and hazard her utmost.

Oft, Polyphemus, with Love evil and good are as one.’

Damoetas, answering, began this lay :—

'Yea, by Pan, but I saw her, I saw her pelting my flock there,
Saw with my one sweet eye—mine it will be to the end;
Plague upon Telemus' mouth which once spake curses about it—
May they return and roost over the babes in his home!
I tease *her* at times, and will not return her glances,
Saying another girl lives with me now as my love.
Jealous *then* is she and pines, I swear by Apollo,
Eyeing from out of the sea wildly the caves and the flocks.
Whiles I tarr my hound on to bay her, because when I wooed her
He with a wistful whine nestled his nose on her thigh.
Haply beholding oft these things she will send me an envoy;
Natheless my door shall be shut till she will swear with an oath
She herself will spread my couch for me here on this island.
Surely my shape is not all so uncouth to behold!
Once on a day as I gazed on myself in the calm of the ocean,
Fair to me seemed my beard, lovely methought was my eye,
Whiter my teeth too shone than the gleam of Parian marble;
Thrice in my breast did I spit lest I should envy arouse.
This was a charm which old Cotyttaris learned me aforetime,
She who would often of yore flute to Hippocion's hinds.' ¹

Thus sang Damoetas, and he kissed his friend,
And gave a pipe, and Daphnis gave his flute.
Damoetas fluted and the herdsman piped;
The heifer calves skipped on the tender grass;
Neither prevailed; unworsted were they both.

¹ Probably interpolated from x. 16.

THE HARVEST-HOME

ONCE on a time three friends went forth from the city together,
 Eucritus, I, and Amyntas, down to the river of Hales.

There Phrasidemus and Antigenes, two sons of Lycopes,
 Thanking the goddess of earth, were dighting a feast of the
 firstlings.

Noble and sprung from the heroes they, from Clyte and Chalcon,
 Chalcon who knelt on the rock with might and smote from his
 heel there

Fount Burinna; the elms and the poplars clustering round it
 Tangled shadowy branches and arched lush green leaves over.
 Scarce were we yet midway, nor as yet had Brasilas' headstone
 Ris'n on our view, when lo! we there by the grace of the Muses
 Met with a Cydon man named Lycidas—he was a goatherd.
 None could see him and err,—his guise was a goatherd's clearly.
 Down from the shoulder dangled a light-dun fleece of a he-goat,
 Hairy and shaggy and thick, still smelling fresh of the rennet;
 Round his breast was an ancient cloak broad-belted; his right
 hand

Wielded a goatherd's staff—'twas fashioned of gnarled wild-olive.
 Boldly he hailed me with smiling eyes and lips full of laughter:
 'Simichides, whither dragg'st thy feet in the blaze of the noonday,
 Now when the lizard sleeps in the wall and never a crested

Lark flits by ? To a feast art hieing thee now unbidden ?
 Tread'st thou the vat with a friend, so gaily the pebbles are
 rattling
 Under thy buskined feet on the roadway ?'

Him then I answered :—

'Lycidas, all men say that among both herdsmen and mowers
 Thy pipe first is of all, and for that my bosom rejoices.
 Natheless methinks I too were a rival to fear. This journey
 Tends to a firstling-feast ; for a band of companions is holding
 Festival joyous and due to Demeter the fair-robed goddess,
 Her who with bountiful hand hath filled their garner with barley.
 Come, for the day and the way are ours, yea, come let a
 shepherd's

Ditty be sung by us now. Perchance we shall learn some secrets
 Each from the other, for I am a clear-toned voice of the Muses.
 All men call me the best of the bards, but ne'er do I heed them,
 No, by the god, not I ; for I wot that Samian poet,
 Good Sicelides, yea, and Philetas, would yet be my masters.
 Vainly in song should I strive with these, as frogs with cicalas.'

Guilefully so spake I, and the goatherd, smiling sweetly,
 Answered and said :—'This goatherd's staff will I gladly award
 thee.

Thou art a child of truth by the hand of the high god fashioned.
 Hated of me is a wright who seeks to upraise his roof-tree
 High as a monarch of hills ; I hate those chicks of the Muses,
 Whoso cackle in vain in strife with the minstrel of Chios.
 Come then, Simichides, let us raise some song of the shepherds.

I shall begin. List, friend, and tell if my song content thee,
Song erewhile on the mountain-side I wrought into music.

“Fair will Ageanax’ voyage to Mytilene be,
Though the *Kids* be low in the west and the south wind drive
the sea,

Or *Orion* all but seem to dip his foot in the wave,
If he will have pity on Lycidas, Aphrodite’s slave;—
For love of the boy consumes my heart with a parching drouth.
Halcyons will lull the seas and the winds of the east and
south,—

Winds that stir the wrack in the uttermost depth of the waters,
Halcyons, dearest of wild sea-hawks unto Nereus’ daughters.
Safe may Ageanax come unto Mytilene’s shore,
And safe in the haven rest where the storm-winds rave no more!
That day shall my brows be bound with an odorous wreath of
dill,

Or of roses or flag-flower white, and Ptelea wine shall fill
The cup and the mixing-bowl as I lie by the hearth at ease,
Thinking of him I love; and the wine shall be drained to the lees,
And the couch with curling parsley and vetch shall be thickly
strown,

And asphodel elbow-deep, and beans on the embers be thrown.
And shepherds twain shall be piping, and Tityrus standing by
Shall sing how Daphnis of yore for Xenea came to die,
Yea, and how the hills complained, and the oaks made moan
that day

On Himeras’ river-banks, as the herdsman waned away
Like snow that melts on the heights of Haemus or Rhodope,

Or Athos, or where the peaks of utmost Caucasus be.
He shall sing how the goatherd of yore was pent on an evil tide
By the wanton sin of his lord alive in a coffer wide,
Yea, and how the blunt-nosed bees to the scented cedar flew
From the meads, and fed the man with flowers and with honey-
dew.

For the Muses upon his mouth their sweetest nectar had shed.
Happy Comatas, this was thy joyful lot; thy bed
A coffer, and honeycomb thy food for a rolling year.
Would that among the quick to-day thou wert numbered here!
For gladly thy pretty goats from hill to hill had I led,
Listing the voice of thy singing, whilst thou on a grassy bed
Under an oak wert lying, or under a pine-tree's shade,
And thy piping, god-like singer, delicious music made.”

Such was his lay, and he ceased; and him I answered saying:—
‘Lycidas, much have I learned from the Nymphs as I roamed
on the mountains,
Notable songs, whose fame, perchance, hath reached unto heaven.
Yet will I offer the best of them all now to thee as a guerdon.
Hearken, my friend, this song, for dear thou art to the Muses.

“The Loves they have sneezed good-luck on Simichides; he,
poor thing,
Is fain of his darling Myrto as goats are fain of the spring.
But the friend of his heart, Aratus, for love of a boy makes moan,
And Aristis the noble knows how Aratus is burnt to the bone,
Aristis, whom Phoebus himself would suffer to sing in his fane.—
Pan, O Pan, thou whose portion is Homole’s lovely plain,

To the arms of Aratus bring Philinus the dainty boy,
Or haply some other one who shall yield him his love with joy.
Pan, if thou do this thing, may the lads of Arcadia's hills,
At a lean feast, lash thee not on shoulder and thigh with squills;
But an if thou wilt grant it not,—thy skin by thy nails be shred,
Scratched all over and torn, and in nettles be thy bed!
'Mid the frore Edonian hills be thy dwelling in winter-time,
Thy face to the river of Hebrus that flows by an icy clime;
In summer thy pasturing lie by the Ethiop's far demesne,
Under the Blemyan rock whence Nile no farther is seen!—
But ye, O ye Loves, whose cheeks are red as an apple is,
Oh come from the pleasant waters of Byblis and Hyetis,
And from Oeeus, lofty seat of Dione with yellow hair,
And smite with your arrows, smite Philinus the sweet and fair!
For the cruel boy recks naught of my friend's love-misery,
Though his bloom like an o'er-ripe pear fades fast, and the
women cry:

'Ho, Philinus, the flower of thy beauty withers away'!—
Let us weary our feet no more, no longer here let us stay
On watch by his threshold, Aratus; let chanticleer's early note
Call Molon alone to grievous chills and a choking throat!
Ours be a love of peace, and lest we may come to harm,
On us twain shall a beldam throw the might of a spitting-charm."

These were my words, and he, as aforetime, smiling sweetly,
Gave me the goatherd's staff as a parting gift of the Muses;
Then to the leftward he sloped his way and made unto Pyxa,
While to our host Phrasidemus' home we turned and departed,
Eueritus, I, and the comely Amyntas, and there we rejoicing

Laid us deep on a couch of fragrant rushes and vine-leaves.
Poplars and rustling elms waved o'er us; a sacred fountain
Babbling and murmuring gushed from a grot of the nymphs
hard by us;

Sunburnt merry cicalas aloft on the shadowy branches
Shrilled their ceaseless song, and afar in the bushes of bramble
Softly the tree-frogs chirped, and the crested larks and the finches
Sang, and the turtle moaned, and around those plashing waters
Darted golden bees; all things smelt richly of Summer,
Richly of Autumn; pears and apples in bountiful plenty
Rolled at our feet and sides, and down on the meadow around us
Plum-trees bent their trailing boughs thick-laden with damsons.
Then from the wine-jar's mouth was a four-year-old seal loosened.
Say, Castalian Nymphs, who haunt Parnassus, was ever
Cup like this in the rock-built cave of the centaur Pholus
Held by Chiron the old unto Heracles? yea, and the shepherd
He who led his flock by the river Anapus, and pelted
Vessels with rocks, that Cyclops huge, what nectar did *he* quaff,
When that his legs were beguiled into dancing about his cavern,
Like that draught which then, O nymphs, ye slaked with the
fountain,

There by the altar-stone of Demeter, goddess of garnerers?
Whose heaped barley among may I on another season
Plant my ample fan, while she stands smiling anigh there,
Holding in each hand wisps of corn and flowers of poppy!

VIII

THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS

MENALCAS once upon the lofty hills
Tending his flock of sheep—so runs the tale—
Met the fair Daphnis with his herd of kine.
Both lads had russet hair, and both were young,
And both were skilled to sing and play the pipe.
Looking on Daphnis, thus Menalcas spake.

MENALCAS

O Daphnis, herdsman of the lowing kine,
Wilt sing with me? Methinks I'll vanquish thee,
If I may sing my full.

Then Daphnis answered.

DAPHNIS

Menalcas, shepherd of the woolly sheep,
Sweet player on the pipe, not, an thou sang
Till singing slew thee, would'st thou vanquish me.

MENALCAS

Well, wilt thou try, and wilt thou stake a prize?

DAPHNIS

Yes, I will try, and I will stake a prize.

THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS

MENALCAS

What shall we pledge that were a worthy meed ?

DAPHNIS

I'll pledge a calf, pledge thou a full-grown lamb.

MENALCAS

Ne'er will I gage a lamb, for stern my sire
And mother are, and number all the sheep
At eventide.

DAPHNIS

Well, what then wilt thou gage ?
What vantage shall the victor gain ?

MENALCAS

A pipe

That erst I fashioned, fair, with nine sweet stops
And equal white wax bands above, below ;
That will I wager, not my father's wealth.

DAPHNIS

And I too have a pipe with nine sweet stops
And equal white wax bands above, below ;
But late I fashioned it, for still this finger
Aches where the split reed cut it.

MENALCAS

Who shall judge

Betwixt us twain, and hearken to our songs ?

45

What an we called yon goatherd, 'inongst whose kids
The white-faced dog is barking?

So the lads
Shouted; the goatherd came to lend an ear;
And then they sang, the goatherd gladly judging.
By lot clear-voiced Menalcas raised the song,
Then Daphnis in alternate strain took up
The shepherd's lay; and thus Menalcas led.

Ye dells, and rivers of race divine,
If ever my shepherd's-pipe and I
Made you rejoice with a song of mine,
Oh pasture my ewe-lambs plenteously.
If Daphnis his heifers this way bring,
May he never have lack of anything !

Ye wells of water and browsing-vales,
Ye grassy meadowlands lush and sweet,
If Daphnis sings like the nightingales,
Make fat with your fulness this herd of neat.
His flock if Menaleas hither bring,
Let him joy in abundance of pasturing.

Sheep and goats ever twin young bear,
Bees fill hives with their honeycombs

THE TRIUMPH OF DAPHNIS

And oaks are taller than elsewhere
 Wherever the beautiful Milo roams.
 But whensoever away he turns,
 A drouth the shepherd and pasture burns.

DAPHNIS

Spring and pasture are everywhere,
 Milk from the swollen udder flows,
 And youngling cattle will feed where'er
 The beautiful maiden *I* love goes.
 But ah, when she will no longer stay,
 Neat and neatherd wither away.

MENALCAS

Great he-goat, of the white herd king,
 To the boundless deep of the forest hie
 (Hither, ye blunt-nosed kids to the spring!),
 For yonder my love is wont to lie.
 Speed, hornless one, and say to the boy:
 'Herding seals was a god's employ.'

DAPHNIS¹

MENALCAS

Pelops' kingdom is naught to me,
 Nor Croesus' bountiful store of gold;
 I seek not swifter than wind to flee,
 But *him* in my arms by this rock to hold,
 And watching our mingled flocks of sheep,
 To carol above the Sicilian deep.

¹ The principle of parallelism seems to postulate *lacunae* in the mss. here and on the next page.

DAPHNIS

MENALCAS

DAPHNIS

Storm to the trees is a sore distress,
To the waters, drouth, to the bird, the snare,
Toils to the beasts of the wilderness,
To a man, the love of a maiden fair.
But I pine not alone, O Zeus, O Sire;
For women thou too hast known desire.

Thus sang the striplings in alternate strain,
And thus Menalcas led the closing lay.

MENALCAS

Pity my kids, O wolf, to the mothers mercy show,
Wrong me not for that a boy with a many goats I go.

O Lampurus, my dog, art bound in a heavy sleep?
Ne'er should a hound that herds with a small lad slumber deep.

Fear not, my ewes, on the tender herbage to feed your fill;
Never a whit shall ye lack when again it grows on the hill.
Sh! sh! be a-browsing, a-browsing, and swoln let your udders be;
The lambs shall have some of the milk, and some shall be pressed
by me.

Then Daphnis with clear voice began to sing.

DAPHNIS

A maiden with fair wed brows gazed forth from a cave on me,
As I herded my kine yestreen, and she said, 'Thou art fair to see.'
To her no answer I made, not a single word would I say,
But kept my eyes on the ground, as I slowly went on my way.
Sweet is the heifer's lowing, and sweet is the heifer's breath,
And sweet in the summer to lie by a brook that murmureth.
Acorns garnish the oak, and apples the apple-tree,
The calf is the pride of the cow, and the kine are a glory to me.
Thus sang the lads, and thus the goatherd spake.

GOATHERD

Sweet is thy mouth, O Daphnis, and desired
Thy voice; thy song, more pleasing to the ear
Than honey to the tongue. Take thou the pipes,
For thou hast conquered in the singing-match.
If thou wilt teach *me* as I tend my goats
Anigh thee, this she-goat that hath no horns
I'll give thee as a schooling-fee; she fills
The milk-pail ever till it overflows.
The boy was glad and leaped and clapped his hands,
A victor; even as a fawn might leap
About its dam. The other's smouldering heart
Was tossed with grieving like a new-wed maid's.
And from that day Daphnis was reckoned first
Among the shepherds, and while yet a boy
Took the fair Nais for his girlish bride.

IX

COUNTRY SONGS

A SHEPHERD

.¹
SING, Daphnis, sing a shepherd's song, and first
Do thou begin, then let Menalcas follow.
The calves beneath their mothers place, the bulls
Lead to the barren kine, and let them browse
Together o'er the grass the herd among.
But do thou sing to me a random lay,
In random song Menalcas answering.

DAPHNIS' SONG

' Sweet is the lowing of calf and kine,
And sweet are the pipe and the herdsman's song;
I sing sweetly; a couch is mine
The banks of a chilly brook along.
With the fells of heifers white 'tis strown—
Heifers that cropping the strawberry-trees
Erewhile on the cliff's edge o'er were blown
By the gust of a wind from the south-west seas—
And as little I reckon of the summer's fire
As a lover may reckon of mother and sire.'

¹ Probably a *lacuna* here, in which the shepherd described his meeting with Daphnis and Menalcas, and how he asked them to sing.

Thus Daphnis sang to me, Menalcas thus :—

MENALCAS' SONG

‘ Etna, my mother, I too live
In a cavern fair of the hollow rocks.
All is mine that a dream may give,
Sheep and goats in their countless flocks;
At my head and feet their fells are strown
On an oak-fire boils the savoury mess,
Dry oak-nuts on the flames are thrown
In time of the winter's windy stress;
And as little heed of the storm I take,
As of nuts a toothless man that hath cake.’

THE SHEPHERD

I clapped my hands, and straightway gave a gift—
A staff that in my father's field had grown,
Self-shapen, that no craftsman would have scorned—
To Daphnis; to the other, a fair shell,
A whorlèd Triton's-horn that erst I spied
On Hyccara's rocks, and on the flesh thereof
Had feasted, sharing with four friends; and he
Winded the conch.

Hail, shepherd Muses, hail !

Rehearse the song that to those herdsmen I,
Standing anigh them, sang upon that tide,
Lest error raise a blister on my tongue.

‘ Grasshopper loves the grasshopper aye,
And ant loves ant, and the hawk they say
Loves hawk,—as *I* do the Muse's lay.

COUNTRY SONGS

51

With melody let my dwelling ring,
For dear are the daughters of song to me,
Sweeter than slumber or sudden Spring,
Sweeter than flowers to the honey-bee.
For on whomsoever they look with joy,
Him never could Circe's draught destroy.'

THE TWO REAPERS

MILO

WHAT ails thee now, Bucaeus, wretched hind ?
No longer can'st thou mow thy swathe aright,
Nor keep thy sickle even with thy mate's,
But like a sheep whose foot the thorns have gashed,
That straggles from the flock, so laggest thou.
How shalt thou fare, poor wight, in the afternoon,
That wilt not cut into thy corn-rig now ?

BUCAEUS

Untiring reaper, chip of stubborn stone,
Milo, hast never longed for one afar ?

MILO

Never; what would a swain with stranger folk ?

BUCAEUS

Hast never haply lain awake for love ?

MILO

The gods forfend! Let once the dog taste tripe . . . !

BUCAEUS

But I have been in love these ten days, Milo——

MILO

'Tis clear that thou dost drain the wine-barrel ;
But scarce enough of vinegar have I.

BUCAEUS

—And so my garden all unweeded lies.

MILO

What girl afflicts thee ?

BUCAEUS

Polybotas' daughter,
That piped aforetime to Hippocion's hinds.

MILO

The god has caught the knave ; oh, thou shalt have
Thy darling wish ! The 'grasshopper-girl' shall lie
With thee the livelong night !

BUCAEUS

Thou mockest me ;
But not alone the god of wealth is blind,
Blind, too, is thoughtless Love ;—so boast thee not.

MILO

Nay, nay, not I. Do thou lay low the corn,
And sing some love-song in thy darling's praise ;
For sweeter thus thy toil shall seem to thee.
A singer wast thou surely once of yore.

BUCAEUS

Aid me to sing the slender maiden, ye Muses, aid !
Goddesses, whatsoever ye touch, it is lovely made.

O Bombyce, my fair one, a 'gipsy' they all call thee;
To them thou art 'withered' and 'swart,' but 'honey-coloured
to me.

Dusky are violets too, and the hyacinth writ with woe;
Natheless in coronals these are the blossoms that foremost show.

The clover lureth the goat, the goat from the wolf must flee,
The crane follows after the plough, and raving I follow thee.

Would that the fabled wealth of Croesus of yore were mine!
Golden images twain had been placed in Cypris' shrine—

Thou with thy pipe, and a rose, mayhap, or an apple, too,
I with my dancing robe, and shod with the Spartan shoe.

O my beauteous love, like twinkling dice are thy dainty feet,
Dreamy thy voice, thy ways,—ah! I know not if *they* be sweet!

MILO

Our Bucus is a maker of sweet songs
All unbeknown to us! How well he shaped
And meted out the verse! Beshrew my beard
Which all for naught I've grown! But hearken now
The song that god-like Lityerses made.

'Lady of fruits and of corn, Demeter, oh make this field
Easy to till with the plough, and the fulness of plenty to yield.

Gatherers, bind the sheaves, lest haply a passer-by,
"Useless fellows are those; not worthy their wage," should cry.

Facing the wind of the North let your swathes of mown corn be,
Or facing the wind of the West; for thus they shall ripened be.

All unseemly is slumber at noon for the threshing men;
The chaff from the stalks of corn most easily parteth then.

Ho, ye reapers, begin when the lark first wakes in his nest,
Cease your toil when he sleepeth, at noon-tide take your rest.

The frog hath a jolly life, my lads, and no need there is
Of a Ganymede for him; for oceans of drink are his.

Miserly steward, boil the lentils! Better, I ween,
This, than to cut thy hand a-whittling the cumin bean.'

That is a song for toilers in the sun.

Thy starveling love, Bucaeus, should be told

At streak of dawn beside thy mother's bed

POLYPHEMUS'S COMPLAINT

NICIAS, there is no other drug on earth,
 Or smeared or sprinkled, that can vanquish love,
 But song alone. Soothing and sweet to men
 Is this remede, albeit hard to find.
 But thou a wise physician art, and dear
 Unto the sacred Nine, and needs must know this.

Our Cyclops Polyphemus here of yore
 Found it a sovran soother of his woe
 When he was sore in love with Galatea
 And had but early down on chin and temples.
 With neither rose nor apple nor shorn curl
 He courted her, but, utterly stark mad,
 Left everything undone. And oft his flock
 Unshepherded would leave the pastures green
 And seek the fold alone. But he the while
 Would seat him on a lonely promontory,
 Wave-washed and tangle-girt, and there would sing
 At break of day; a very grievous wound,
 That mighty Cypris' arrow there had made,
 Deep in his heart; yet gat he healing thus.
 Sitting upon a high and rocky crag
 And looking o'er the deep he sang this lay:—

'Fair Galatea, why my love disdain?
Thou that art whiter than the curd I strain,
Lamblike in gentleness, but frolic too
As heifer calf, and brighter to the view
Than grapes as yet unreddened by the sun.
Thou stealest towards me when the day is done,
And I asleep am laid; but when I wake,
Away thou speedest, as from out the brake
A hoary wolf had sprung. I loved thee first
When but a child thou with my mother durst
Roam o'er these hills to pluck the hyacinth-flowers.
I led the way, and since those bygone hours,
I cannot cease from gazing at thy grace.
What carest thou? Nothing, I ween. My face
Affrights thee—one shag eyebrow's lowering dip
From ear to ear, nose flattened on the lip,
And one great eye midmost my forehead set.
Though ugly thus I be, fair maiden; yet
A thousand sheep I pasture on these hills,
Wherefrom the sweetest milk my pitcher fills.
Summer and fall no lack of cheese is known,
And in mid-wintertime my cheese-crates groan.
Sweetly I pipe (no Cyclops pipes like me)
At dead of night my love, myself, and thee.
Eleven fawns with moon-flecks on the brow,
And four bear-whelps I foster for thee now.
Oh come to me! The land will give thee more
Than this green sea that yearns towards the shore.
Sweeter the night shall be within my lair;

Laurels and tender cypresses are there,
And ivy dark and the sweet-fruited vine,
And water chill which Etna, clad with pine,
Sends to this grot to make a well for me
Down from her white snows everlastingly.
Then who would choose the sea before such joys?
But if my shaggy hairiness annoys,—
Well, I have plenteous store of logs of oak,
And on my hearth a fire no ashes choke.—
Burn, burn me to the heart and sear my eye;
Dear though it is, I'd suffer cheerfully.
Why did my dam not give me fins at birth?
To kiss thy hand I'd leapt into the firth,
(Thy mouth perchance denied) and brought with me
White lilies and red poppy-flowers for thee,
Lilies in winter, poppy-flowers in May—
For both I had not brought upon a day.
But I will straightway learn me how to swim;
Haply some shipman here will come; from him
I'll learn the art, and seek what sweet things dwell
Down in the deeps that hold thee with their spell.
Come, Galatea, come, remembering not
Thy homeward way as I have mine forgot.
Come, tend the flocks with me and milk the ewes,
Nor to make cheese with curdled milk refuse.
My mother wrongs me, her alone I blame,
For ne'er she says a kind word for my flame,
Yet daily sees me pining for thy sake.—
Now will I say my head and two feet ache,

That so she may be vexed as well as I.—
Ah Cyclops, Cyclops, how thy loose wits fly !
Go weave thy baskets, and pluck tender shoots,
And bear them to thy lambs ; this rather boots.
Hold what thou hast—why chase what flees away ?
A fairer sweetheart shalt thou find one day.
Many the girls that bid me sport by night
With them in dalliance and love's delight.
All softly laugh whene'er I list their call.
On land, methinks I 'm someone after all.'

Thus Polyphemus soothed his aching heart
With song, nor sought with gold the healer's aid.

THE PASSIONATE FRIEND

THOU art come, dear youth, art come; three nights and days
thou hast tarried.

(Alas! for the sad love-longing that makes men old in a day!)
As a maiden is fairer far than she that hath thrice been married,
As apples are sweeter than sloes, and sweeter than Winter, May;
Swifter a fawn than a calf, ewe's fleece than a yeanling's rarer,
And the nightingale shrilly-sweet outsings all birds of the glade;
So *over*-gladly I sped towards thee, as a worn wayfarer
Speeds from the scorching ray to the spreading beech-tree's shade.

Would that a breath on us fell from the Love that hath Love to
brother,

That thus we twain might be sung by men in the after-days:
'On a time two godlike youths abode the one with the other
As "Leader" renowned by Dorian, and "Led" by Thessalian lays,
And the yoke of their hearts was level, the ways of men were
golden,

For the lover was dear to the lad in the days that are no more.'
To the gods who wax not old may *I* be for that beholden,
And this may I hear long hence upon Acheron's scapeless shore:
'How thou did'st love, and how thy darling did truly love thee,
Is a song on the lips of all men and chiefly of youths unwed'!

But are not the lords of these things the heavenly gods above thee,
Who will rule it e'en as they will?—yet nathless shall this be
said :

‘ Fair boy, though I praise thy sweetness, my brow will not blister
with lying,

For when thou hast done me a hurt, lo thou straightway healest
me,

And when for passion of love at thy feet my heart is dying,
I have risen with twofold guerdon and more than a lover's fee.’

Sons of Megarian Nisus, O ye that excel in rowing,
At ease may ye dwell in the land, for ye honoured your Attic
guest,

Him who died for his friend when the tide of war was flowing,
Diocles, lover of boyhood, who fell at Love's behest !

And ever in early spring the youths at his tomb are thronging,
Eager to win the award which the kiss that is sweetest earns ;
For the lad whose lips are pressed on lips with the tenderest
longing,

Smothered in wreaths of flowers to his joyful mother returns.

Blest in the kissing-combat is he who judges and chooses,

And thus will he sometimes pray to the bright-eyed Ganymede :

‘ May my mouth be as Lydian stone which the money-changer
uses

To sever the gilded guile from coin that is gold indeed !’

THE RAPE OF HYLAS

Not for us twain and none other, as once dreamt thou and I,
Was Love begot on his mother by some divinity.
Not to us, Nicias, first did a fair thing lovely seem—
Sons of a day who durst not hope for the morrow's gleam—
The son of Amphitryon, too, the man of the iron heart,
Albeit the lion he slew, was smit by the love-god's dart
For Hylas, the fair and sweet, with his love-locks ringleted,
Whom he led in all things meet as a father a son had led,
All things comely and strong whereby he himself had won
Guerdon of deathless song and of all men's benison.
Never he left his love, not at midnight's fiery time,
Nor whenas to the heaven above the coursers of Morning climb,
Nor yet when to roost and dream the brood of the chicks
 upsprings,
And aloft on the smoky beam the hen-mother flaps her wings,
That so the soul of the boy might be fashioned to his mood,
And sharing his yoke in joy wax mighty in lustihood.
And whenas for the fleece of gold with the son of Aeson sailed
A muster of chieftains bold by many a city hailed,
The son of Alcmena came to Iolchus rich in corn,
And many another name, the noblest of men then born;
And Hylas came with him there to the good ship Argo's side—
(As an eagle cleaves the air, through the rocks that clash and
 gride,

Scatheless she sped on her way to the deep-soiled Phasian shore,
And the rocks that clashed that day lie motionless evermore)—
And now that the *Pleiads* glow, and to pasture in far-off fields
Already the lambkins go, and the Spring to the Summer yields,
The heroes—a god-born bloom—bethink them of seafaring,
And gather in Argo's womb, and their sail to the breezes fling.
Three days wind southerly blew and bare them along on its breath,
And onward the good ship flew where the Hellespont thundereth.
And down on Propontic sand they cast their anchoring-gear
Anigh to the wide-furrowed land where ploughs the Cianian steer.
Forth on the shore they leapt, and orderly dight the feast
At sunset; and after, they slept together the best with the least.
For before them lay a mead, and bedding therein without fail,
And they cut thin flowering-reed and low-lying galingale;
And the fair-haired Hylas ran for water to mix with the wine
Of Telamon, stubborn man, and Heracles' self divine—
At the board those comrade kings ever sat them side by side—
A brazen pitcher he swings in his hand, and soon has espied
A spring in a lowly dell; thick rushes about it grew,
The swallow-wort's purple bell and maiden-hair pale of hue,
And parsley blossoming fair and marsh-loving marigold.
In the midst of the water there the naiads a revel hold,
Sleepless goddesses three, whom the peasant may not abide,
Malis and Eunice, and Nychea April-eyed.
As the boy leaned over the brink his cruse that was wide of lip,
Letting it downward sink, his hand was held in their grip;
For passion had driven mad their gentle hearts with its spell
For the sake of the Argive lad; and into the shadowy well
Down with a plunge fell he, as a red star shoots from the sky

And plunges into the sea, and the sailors' mate will cry :
'Ho, lads ! loosen the sail, for freshly the breezes blow.'
But the well-nymphs gently hale the lad and lay him aloe
On their knees, and soothe his tears with their gentle words and
mild ;

But Heracles' soul with fears was troubled sore for the child.
In Seythian wise he flings on his shoulder his well-bent bow,
In his strong right hand he swings the club that he ne'er lets go,
And forth he speeds him, and thrice from the depths of his throat
he cried

'Hylas !' . . . and Hylas thrice heard, and in vain replied.
From the depth of the crystal spring the voice came faint on
the ear,

And the cry had a far-off ring, albeit so close anear.
As a manèd lion bounds from his lair, a devouring beast,
When the bleat of a hill-fawn sounds as a call to the ready feast,
So wildly the demi-god roamed searching his darling lost,
Through acanthus-wastes untrod ; and many a region he crossed.
Lovers are hard to repel ; yea, measureless toil was his lot,
As he ranged o'er brake and fell, and Jason was clean forgot.
And Argo's sail in the breeze still fluttered, the heroes abode
Waiting for Heracles, and at night the sail they stowed.
At the will of his wandering feet he roamed with a frenzied heart,
Whose core still burned with the heat of the cruel goddess's dart.
Thus Hylas the fair was ta'en to the ranks of the blest that day
And the heroes in their disdain called Heracles 'Runaway' ;
For he sped from Argo then with her thirty benches of oars
Afoot to the Colchian men and to Phasis' sullen shores.

XIV

THE SLIGHTED LOVER

AESCHINES

Ha, friend Thyonichus, good day !

THYONICHUS

Good day,

Aeschines ! What a stranger you are !

AESCHINES

I am

A stranger indeed.

THYONICHUS

Why, what has been the matter ?

AESCHINES

Things have been going rather ill with me,
Thyonichus.

THYONICHUS

Ah, that is why you're lean,
Your upper lip untrimmed, and love-locks dry.
Only the other day in plight like yours
A wan Pythagorean came this way
Barefooted—an Athenian born, he said.
He also was in love methinks, and pined . . .
For a loaf of bread !

AESCHINES

You'll ever have your jest,
My friend; but me the fair Cynisca flouts,
And one day I shall suddenly go mad.
Indeed, I'm but a hair's-breadth from it now.

THYONICHUS

It's ever thus with you, dear Aeschines;
A touch too keen, you would have everything
Upon the instant. What's the story now?

AESCHINES

I and the Argive, the Thessalian rider
Apis, and Cleoniceus, man-at-arms,
Were drinking at my farm, and I had killed
Two pullets and a sucking-pig, and broached
My four-year Bibbian wine for them; it smelt
As fragrant as it had but left the vat.
Truffles and scallops and snails were served to us;
It was a jolly wassail; and the mirth
Was waxing gaily, when the fancy took us
To bid the unmixed wine to be poured forth
For each to pledge his love; but each must name
The toast. We named, and duly drained the cup;
But naught said *she*, though I myself was there.
How think you I felt then? Then one in jest
Said: 'Are you tongue-tied? Have you met a wolf?'
Quoth she: 'Well guessed,' and blushed; one could with ease
Have lit a lamp then at her face. Alas!
There is a Wolf, a Wolf there is, the son

Of neighbour Labes, Lycus, tall and smooth,
Deemed fair by many; for *his* noble sake
Her heart was pining. And a breath of this
Once murmured in my ear, but I, poor fool,
Sifted the matter not, shame on my beard!
And now deep in our cups were we four men,
When for mere wantonness the Larissæan
Raised the Thessalian catch 'My wolf,' and sang
From first to finish; and Cynisca wept
All of a sudden hotter tears than weeps
Beside her mother's knee a six-year maid
That would be lifted on her mother's lap.
Then I (you know my humour) with clenched fist
Struck her upon the temple once, and once
Again, and gathering up her robes she fled
Forth on the instant. 'Plague of my life,' I cried,
'Do I not please you? Does some dearer one
Lie on your breast? Away with you and cherish
Some other lover: it's for him your tears,
Harlot, are flowing.' As the mother swallow,
When she has brought a morsel to her brood
Beneath the eaves, darts back to seek for more,
Even swifter from her soft seat darted she
Straight through the vestibule and folding-doors
In random race. An ancient proverb runs:
'Bull fled, bull sped.' Now twenty days have passed
And eight and nine and other ten besides,
To-day's the eleventh, add two more—two months
Have flown since we two parted, and my hair

Has not been shorn even Thracianwise. Now Wolf,
Lycus, is all in all to her; to Lycus
Her door's ajar by night; of none account
Am I, not in the reckoning now, but like
The poor Megarians, in the lowest place.
And could I cease to love, then all were well;
But how can this be now? The mouse of the adage
Has touched the pitch, my friend, and what remede
For desperate love there be I know not. Yet
I know that Simus, smitten with desire
For Epichalcus' daughter, sailed away
And came back whole—a friend of mine own years.
I too will o'er the sea and be a soldier,
Better or worse than some, but good as most.

THYONICHUS

Would your desires had been more fortunate,
Aeschines! But if you will abroad indeed,
The best pay-master for a free-born man
Is Ptolemy.

AESCHINES

And what besides is he?

THYONICHUS

A kindly man, a friend of art and song,
A lover, and the pink of courtesy;
A man that knows his friend, his enemy
Still better, giving largess unto many,
Nor aught denies, that may beseem a king,

To him that craves a boon. But, Aeschines,
We must not always ask. So, if you like
On your right shoulder the cloak's tip to pin,
And standing firm will boldly bear the brunt
Of sturdy targeteers, away to Egypt!
We all get grizzled from the temples down,
And slowly on the chin creep frosts of eld.
Come, let's be doing while our legs are young!

G O R G O A N D P R A X I N O Æ

G O R G O (*to slave-girl*)

Is your mistress in ?

P R A X I N O Æ

Oh, there you are at last,
Dear Gorgo ! Yes, I'm in. I'm quite surprised
To see you here at all. Quick, Eunoë, fetch
A chair for her, and put a cushion on it.

G O R G O

Nay, leave it as it is.

P R A X I N O Æ

Well, sit you down.

G O R G O

How out of breath I am ! I hardly got
To your house alive out of the dreadful crowd
Of carriages and people. Soldiers' boots
And cloaks here, there, and everywhere—I thought
The way would never end. Your house, my dear,
Is really much too far away from ours.

PRAXINOË

My madcap husband's fault. He came and took
At world's-end here a beast's hole, not a house,
Merely to keep us apart, the jealous wretch !
And all for spite as usual.

GORG0

Hush, my dear !
Don't rail at Dinon so before the child.
Look, woman, how he eyes you. Never mind,
Zopyrion dear, sweet boy, it's not papa
That mother talks of.

PRAXINOË

By our Lady Goddess,
The baby understands us !

GORG0

Pretty papa !

PRAXINOË

Well, that papa of his the other day—
For everything's 'the other day' with us—
Went to the shop to buy me soda and rouge,
And brought me salt instead, the hulking oaf !

GORG0

My spendthrift Diocleides is another.
Five fleeces (Heaven save the mark !) he bought,
For five-and-thirty drachmas yesterday—
Dogskins, old wallet shreds, mere trash and trouble.
But come, put on your mantle and your gown,
And let's be off to Ptolemy's palace-hall

To see the 'Adonis.' It is said the queen
Is planning something splendid.

PRAXINOË

All is rich

In rich men's houses.

GORGO

Think what a tale you'll have
One day to tell your country cousins! Come,
It's time to move.

PRAXINOË

It's ever holiday
With idlers. Eunoë, gather up the yarn,
You lazy wench—the pussies love to sleep
On beds of wool. Come now, bestir yourself
And bring me water; water's what I want
First—and she brings me soap! Well, give it me;
Not too much, wasteful girl! Now, pour. The wretch!
My smock is drenched—stop—Well, my washing's done
As heaven pleased. Now where's the coffer key?
Bring it me here.

GORGO

That full gown suits you well,
Praxinoë. How much did it cost you fresh
From off the loom?

PRAXINOË

Oh, don't remind me, Gorgo—
More than two good white minas, and I spent
My soul in stitching.

GORG0

It's a perfect joy!

PRAXINOË

I warrant you. Girl, bring my cloak and set
 My straw hat nicely on my head.—No, child,
 I will not take you. Boo, the horse will bite!—
 Oh, cry your fill, I will not have you lamed.
 Let us be moving! Phrygia, take the boy
 And play with him, call in the dog and shut
 The outer door.

Oh heavens, what a crowd!
 How *shall* we elbow through it all? They're like
 A swarm of countless ants. O Ptolemy,
 Many the noble deeds that thou hast done
 Since that thy sire was numbered with the gods!
 No rascal now skulks up, Egyptianwise,
 To maul the passer-by, as once they did,
 The lumps of villainy, the knavish tricksters,
 All birds of a feather, scoundrels every one.
 O Gorgo, dear, what *will* become of us?
 Here are the king's own chargers.—My good man,
 Don't trample me.—His roan is rearing—see,
 How fierce it is! O Eunoë, run, you hussy,
 Run; it will kill its leader. What a blessing
 The babe's at home!

GORG0

Cheer up, Praxinoë, dear;
 They've passed us now and gone to their proper place.

PRAXINOË

I breathe again. But ever since a child
Horses and chilly snakes have been my dread.
Let's on. Oh what a crowd is rushing down!
Come you from court, good mother?

OLD WOMAN

Ay, my dears.

GORGO

Is entrance easy?

OLD WOMAN

The Achæans came,
By trying, into Troy town, pretty lass;
Venture and win!

GORGO

Off goes Dame Oracle!

PRAXINOË

Women know everything—yes, even how
Zeus wedded Here.

GORGO

Oh, Praxinoë, dear,
Look at that dreadful crush about the doors!

PRAXINOË

Oh, terrible! Gorgo, dear, give me your hand,
And, Eunoë, you take Eutycheis', and mind her—
No straggling—let us all get in together!
Oh, Eunoë, Eunoë, do stick fast to us!
Alack, now there's my mantle torn! O Sir,
As you would hope for happiness, mind my cloak!

STRANGER

I scarcely can, but I will do my best.

PRAXINOË

Oh, what a crowd ! They push like pigs.

STRANGER

Cheer up,

Dear madam ; all's well now.

PRAXINOË

Oh, thanks indeed !

May all be well for ever and a day
With you, dear Sir, for shielding us !—What a good
Kind man !—Oh, there's poor Eunoë getting crushed !
Push, silly, push ! That's right ! ' Now all are in,'
As cries the groomsman when he locks the door.

GORG0

Oh come and look first at those broideries,
Subtle and lovely as the work of gods !

PRAXINOË

I wonder who the weaving-women were,
And who the draughtsmen that so deftly drew
These pictures ! How like life they stand or move !
People, not pictures ! Wonderful is man !
And there Adonis lies so fair to see
Upon his silver couch, youth's early down

Upon his tender cheek, the thrice-beloved,
Dear both to us and those that dwell below!

ANOTHER STRANGER

A plague upon your endless pigeon-prattle!
They'll kill a body with their Dorian brogue.

GORGO

Whence did this fellow come? What's that to you
If we are prattlers? Lord it o'er the slaves
That you have paid for! Bully *us*, forsooth!—
Ladies of Syracuse, who came of old
From Corinth, like Bellerophon—mark that—
And talk like people in the Peloponnese!
Since when may Dorians not talk Dorian, pray?

PRAXINOË

Persephone! no master will I have
But *one*—so, there! Don't try your flummery here!

GORGO

Hush, hush, Praxinoë, dear! The Argive girl,
That clever songstress, is about to sing
The Adonis-lay. Last year she won the prize
For dirges. She will warble well, I know.
Already she puts on her languid airs.

SINGING WOMAN

'Lady and lover of Golgoi, Idalion and Eryx steep,
Thou that toiest with gold, Aphrodite, goddess, lo

In this twelfth month of the year from Acheron's ceaseless flow
The soft-footed Hours have brought us Adonis from the deep.
Tardy goddesses they, the boon Hours, yea but caressed
They come to us, ever bringing to mortals pleasure and ache.
Cypris, child of Dione, men say that thou did'st make
Berenice, a mortal, immortal and fill with ambrosia her breast.
O thou that art hailed in many a shrine by many a name,
This day Berenice's daughter, the queen Arsinoë,
Adorneth with all things lovely Adonis in grace of thee—
Arsinoë fair as Helen that set the world aflame.
Beside him are ripe fruits lying from every fruit-tree shaken,
And tussocks of tender plants in caskets of silver are there,
Golden boxes of Syrian balsam and dainties rare
Kneaded on platters by women, of snowy wheatmeal baken.
Honey therein is mingled, or oil, or many a flower,
And the shapes are as birds and beasts; little loves are
 fluttering
Like unfledged nightingales trying from spray to spray their wing,
And covered with delicate anise is every green-arched bower.
O the ebony and the gold, and the eagles fashioned
Of snow-white ivory that bear unto Cronides his love,
The darling that fills his cup! O hangings of purple above!
"Softer than sleep" had Miletus and shepherds of Samos said.
Anear him a couch is spread for the beauteous Cyprian queen,
In another Adonis is lying and rosy-armed is he.
Soft is the down on his lip, and soft will his kisses be,
For scarcely a score of years hath the youthful bridegroom seen.
Farewell to thee now, dear Cypris! Enjoy thy love. On the
 morrow

With dawn and the dew we shall gather together and bear him
away

To the waves that foam on the beach, and with hair in disarray,
Robes dropped to our ankles, and bosoms bare, we shall sing our
sorrow.

Alone of the demi-gods this boon hath Adonis earned,
From Acheron hither to wend; not this Aganemnon won,
Nor Ajax, mighty in wrath, nor Heecuba's eldest son,
Nor yet Patroclus, or Pyrrhus that safely from Troy returned,
No, nor the Lapithae, no, nor the sons of Deucalion of yore,
Nor Pelops' children, nor Argos' crown, the Pelasgian men.
Be gracious now, O Adonis, and next year smile again;
For dear is thy coming now and hereafter as heretofore.'

GORGO

What can be wiser than a woman's wit?
How happy she must be to be so clever!
And happier still to have so sweet a voice!
Let's homeward now! My good-man's dinnerless,
And when he's hungry he's all vinegar;
Approach him not! Farewell, beloved Adonis!
And welfare still be ours at thy return!

THE POET'S PLEA

EVER a care is this to the daughters of Zeus and to minstrels,
 Duly to sing of the deathless gods and the glory of heroes.
 Muses are goddesses, yea, and goddesses hymn the Immortals;
 Children of earth are we, let mortals sing but of menfolk.

Ah, but of those that now dwell under the glimmer of morning
 Who that will ope his door and joyfully grant our Graces
 Home in his house, nor send them away from the gate
 unguerdoned?

Wroth to me then they return, feet bare, and sorely revile me,
 Saying in vain on a journey they went; and again they will seat
 them

Down in the depths of the coffer's void, heart-wearily biding,
 Heads on chill knees bowed, where aye their accustomed abode is,
 What time they from a fruitless quest come back to me empty.

Who will to-day be a friend to the singer who sings his praises?
 I know not; for men no longer desire as aforetime

Glory for fair deeds done; but Money is monarch and master.
 Each man keepeth his hand on the purse in his robe's fold, eyeing
 Chances of silver and gold, and would offer to none as a guerdon
 Even the rubbed-off rust, but would utter his ready rejoinder:—
 'Knee before shin! Good luck for myself! God cares for the
 poets.

Homer's enough for us all, and who would list to another?
 Best of the bards is he who takes no part of my substance.'

Fools, what gain is a world of wealth in your houses lying ?
Wise men deem that in *that* dwells not true pleasure of riches,
But to delight one's soul, and somewhat give to a vassal—
Good deeds done to a host of kinsmen and many a stranger—
Due rites, too, to the gods performed on their altars always—
Aye to be kind to a guest, and first at your board to regale him
Ere he be sped on his way, whenso that he list to be going—
Chiefest honour to pay to the sacred priests of the Muses,
So that a goodly renown ye may have in the darkness of Hades,
Yea, nor inglorious weep by Acheron's ice-chill waters,
Like to a beggarly man with palms made hard by the mattock,
Wailing his luckless lot that came from a father aforetime.

Monthly to many a thrall in the courts of the kingly Aleuas
Duly a dole was made, and many the younglings driven
Lowing along with the hornèd kine to the stalls of the Scopads ;
Many a chosen flock strayed o'er Crannonian pastures,
Under the skies each day for the bountiful children of Creon ;
Yet no pleasure therein was theirs when their spirit was wafted
Down to that ample raft upon Acheron's loathèd waters.
All that wealth forgone, they had lain forgotten of all men
Many and many a year in the place of the dreary departed,
Had not a Cean bard, that wondrous and changeful singer,
Wed to his harp of divers tones their names as a glory
Told to a later race, and yielded a measure of honour
E'en to their fleet-foot steeds that back from the sacred contests
Came to them crowned with flowers. Who e'er would have
heard of the Lycian
Chiefs, or the long-haired sons of Priam, or white-skinned Cycnus

Fair as a maid, had bards not sung of the bygone battles ?
Yea, and Odysseus too, that roamed for a score and a hundred
Months amid all strange folk, and came unto utmost Hades
Scatheless, and scatheless fled from the den of the terrible Cyclops,
Hardly had won him a lasting renown ; his faithful swineherd
Clean forgotten had lain, and he that abode by the cattle ;
Yea, and unknown had died Laërtes valorous-hearted,
Had not a man of Ionia told in a song of their labours.

Only the Muses grant unto mortals a guerdon of glory.

Dead men's wealth shall be spent by the quick that are heirs to
their riches ;

But 'twere as easy a task on the shore of the ocean to number
Waves that a wind may drive to the beach with the green sea
surges,

Ay, or to lave from a brick its colour in water of crystal,
As to entreat that man whom hunger of pelf hath smitten.
Farewell such ! May their hoards of gold and silver be endless,
Yea, and a craving lust for more be their master for ever !
I would choose to be honoured and loved of my fellows rather
Far than be lord of a thousand droves of mules and of horses.

Therefore I seek what man will joyfully give me a welcome,
Me and the Muses.—Rough are the ways of the world unto
minstrels

Reft of the daughters of Zeus that alone is mighty in counsel.
Heaven is not yet weary of driving the years and the seasons :
Oft shall the wheels of his wain be whirled by the coursers onward ;
Yea, and a man shall yet be desirous of me as his minstrel,

One that hath like things done as Ajax wroth or Achilles
Wrought on Simoïs' meads by the grave of the Phrygian Ilus.

Lo, already Phœnician men that dwell on the utmost
Spur of the Libyan land, not far from the sunset, are shaken ;
Ay, and already the men of Sicily poise their lances,
Bearing upon their shoulder the weight of their bucklers of willow.
Like to the mighty of yore great Hiero standeth among them,
Girt for the fray, and his horse-hair plumes o'ershadow his helmet.

Zeus, thou father of all Most High, and Lady Athene,
Thou, Persephone, too, who along with thy mother befriendest
That rich Ephyran town by the waters of Lysimelia,
Oh that an evil fate may drive from the shores of our island
O'er Sardinian waves but a tithe of the host of our foemen,
So they may tell to the wives and children the doom of their
dear ones !

Oh for their ancient lords to abide once more in the cities
Here by the hands of the foeman of yore so grievously wasted !
Tilled be the fertile fields, and the sheep in many a thousand,
Fatted with pasture, bleat on the plains, and the kine to the
steading

Gather together—a sign for the late wayfarer to hasten !
Ploughed be the fallow field for the seed, what time the cicala,
Watching the shepherds toil in the sun, from the topmost
branches

Sings ; let spiders weave their gossamer webs on the armour,
Yea, and the name itself of battle for ever be silenced !
But let bards upraising the glory of Hiero, waft it

Over the Scythian sea, and where in the dimness of ages
Queenly Semiramis reared her a broad wall sodered with asphalt!

I am but one of the many beloved by the daughters of Heaven.
Oh for them all to be fain to renown the Sicilian fountain,
Our Arethusa, our folk, and Hiero, splendour of spearmen!
O ye Graces, dear to Etéocles, ye who befriended
Minyan Orchomenus that strove with the Thebans aforetime,
Unbid forth, I shall bide; but gladly to those that entreat me
I and my Muses will come, and ne'er shall I leave you behind me,
You, ye Graces.—Apart from the Graces nothing is lovely
Here in the world of men.—May I ever abide with the Graces!

THE PRAISES OF PTOLEMY

To Zeus, O Muses, first and latest praise,
 When we to Heaven's King would lift our lays;
 To Ptolemy, first, last, and midmost, when
 We sing the praises of the king of men!

The deeds of demigods in olden time
 Gat aye the guerdon of a minstrel's rhyme.
 I'll sing of Ptolemy,—a minstrel I—
 Song is the meed of gods who never die.

When unto Ida many-forested
 A woodman cometh, he is hard bested,
 And gazes round on all that wealth of wood,
 Uncertain where to try his lustihood.—
 What first to hymn amid the countless things
 Wherewith Zeus glorifies the king of kings?

How great to accomplish mighty deeds was he,
 That high-born son of Lagus, Ptolemy,
 When that his spirit had conceived a plan
 Baffling the wisdom of a lesser man!
 'Twas his from Zeus an equal meed to get
 With gods immortal; his gold throne is set

In Zeus's halls, and graciously anigh
Sits Alexander, dread divinity
Unto the Persian folk with turbans gay.
In front sits Heracles (that erst did slay
The centaurs) on a throne with adamant strong.
There holds he revel with the heavenly throng,
Much joying in his latest heritage
Of children whom Zeus made exempt from age,
And glad his sons are hailed as deities
(For through a later child of Heracles,
Stalwart Caranus, both their lineage trace
To Heracles, the founder of their race).
When from the feast, with nectar satisfied,
He goes to seek the chamber of his bride,
His dangling quiver and his bow he hands
To Alexander, and his mace with bands
Of iron and gnarled knobs to Ptolemy;
And these twain straightway bear him company
Unto white-ankled Hebe's blest abode,
The armour-bearers of the bearded god.

How 'mong the women that were wise of heart
Shone Berenice, famed for every art,
To mother and to sire a dear delight !
Dione's daughter, Cyprus' queen of night,
On that sweet bosom pressed her gentle hands,
And so men say that never in all lands
Did woman please her lord as much as she
Was dear unto her husband Ptolemy.

Yet even more beloved was he again.
Unto his children may a man give then
Lightly the care of all his livelihood,
When wife and husband love as lovers should.
But loveless wives a stranger aye desire,
With ease have children, but unlike their sire.

Loveliest goddess, Aphrodite, Queen,
Thy care was she, and for thy sake I ween
Fair Berenice passed not Acheron,
That wailful water, but or e'er she won
Unto the sombre-coloured barge's side,
Whereon the souls of dead folk o'er the tide
By that aye-loathèd ferryman are ta'en,
To set her in a temple thou did'st deign,
And honours like thy very own to give;
And now she gently breathes on all that live
Loves that are gentle, and the pining swain
She graciously will ease from all his pain.

Dark-eyebrowed girl of Argos, thou did'st bear
The warrior Diomede as Tydeus' heir—
That erst was called the man of Calydon—
Deep-girdled Thetis bare a warrior son
To Peleus, son of Aeacus—his name,
Achilles, javelin-thrower rich in fame,
And glorious Berenice brought forth thee
A warrior to a warrior Ptolemy.

On thy first morning, Cos with fostering hand
Received thee from thy mother on her land—

For there the daughter of Antigone
In throes of labour cried aloud on thee,
O Ilithyia, girdle-loosener ;
And graciously thou camest unto her,
Shedding release from pain in every limb.
And so a son was born most like to him
That was his sire. Cos, seeing, cried with joy,
And thus she spake, holding the infant boy :
' O child, be blest, and grant me such renown
As Phoebus gave to Delos with her crown
Of azure sheen, and give Triopion's hill,
With all its Dorian folk, the same goodwill
As from Apollo on Rhenaea beamed.'
Thus spake the Isle—thrice a great eagle screamed
From the high clouds, bird-seer of future things,
A sign, methinks, from Zeus ; for awful kings
Are Zeus's care. *He* only waxes great
Whom at his birth Zeus loves ; on him shall wait
Much wealth ; wide sea and land his sway shall own.

On many a field by many a folk is grown
The corn that waxes with the heaven-sent rain ;
But none so fruitful is as Egypt's plain,
When Nile upon the sodden earth comes down
In flood,—so many cities, of renown
For cunning craftsmen, hath no other land.
Therein three centuries of cities stand,
And eke three thousand and three myriad,
Twice three, and thereunto thrice nine more add ;

And o'er them all brave Ptolemy bears sway
The frontier of his empire cuts away
Phœnician lands, parts of Arabia,
Syria, Libya and swart Africa.

O'er all Pamphylians, and Cilicians
That poise the spear, Lycians, and Carians
Whom war delights, he rules, and his behest
The Cyclads hear; for his ships are the best
That sail the deep; the whole earth and the sea
And sounding rivers wait on Ptolemy.
And many a horseman, many a targeteer
Around him moves in shining brazen gear.
His wealth could whelm the treasures of all kings,—
Each day such store to his rich palace brings
From far and near. At ease men ply their trades,
For never foot of foe the Nile invades,
That monstrous flood, nor e'er hath alien band
Cried 'havoc' in the hamlets of the land.
No mailed warrior from a fleet ship's side
Hath ever leaped upon the shore and tried
To harry Egypt's kine; so strong is he
Whose throne is in the broad plains, Ptolemy,
The fair-haired king, well skilled to wield the lance
And ward his father's wealth from evil chance,
As doth beseem a goodly prince. Himself
Adds to the store; nor, like the heaped-up pelf
Of toilsome ants, doth his gold useless lie
In his rich halls, but ever bounteously

With first-fruits and all other offerings
In heaven's fair shrines is laid, and puissant kings
Get guerdon great therefrom, and cities too,
And faithful friends ; and never one that knew
To raise the voice of singing musical
Hath come to Bacchus' holy festival,
Nor got meed worthy of his mastery.
The Muses' servants sing of Ptolemy
For all his benefits. What fairer thing
Than good renown could hap a wealthy king ?
This the Atreidae won ; but all that store
They reft from Priam's mighty house of yore
Is hid in Hades, whence no wight returns.

No man of old, and none whose treading burns
The dust to-day with imprint of his feet,
Hath ever raised a shrine with incense sweet
To mother and to sire, and 'stablished there
Themselves with gold and ivory made fair,
To all earth's sons a very present aid.
Full many fatted thighs of oxen laid
On blood-red altars, as the months return,
He and his glorious spouse together burn,
Than whom no nobler wife did e'er embrace
Her lord within the palace of his race,
Loving her husband-brother heartily.

On this wise was the holy bridal tie
'Twixt Rhea's children on Olympus' throne.

One couch for Here and for Zeus is strown
By virgin Iris' hands with scent made sweet.

Farewell, prince Ptolemy ; my song shall treat
Of thee as of the other heroes dead ;
And only one word more shall yet be said,—
To men unborn, methinks of noble use—
True worth is gotten at the hand of Zeus.

XVIII

THE MARRIAGE-SONG OF HELEN
AND MENELAÛS

AND so in Sparta long ago the maids,
With blooming hyacinth their locks among,
Within the halls of fair-haired Menelaüs
Before the newly-limned bride-chamber
Their dances set—twelve girls, the city's pride,
The flower of Lacedemon's maids,—what time
The younger son of Atreus wooed and won
Helen, the darling child of Tyndareus,
And took her to his bower. In one accord
They sang, with measured beat and woven steps,
While loud the halls rang with the marriage-lay.

‘Slumberest thou thus early, thus early so fain of sleeping,
Bridegroom dear? are thy limbs already so drowsy with sleep?
Down thou art flung on thy couch; but if sleep thy soul was
steeping,
Why not have bedded alone betimes? Hast thou drunken
deep?
Why not have suffered the maiden to play with the maids by her
mother
Till the glimmer of early dawn? For thine shall the bride be
now,

Tomorrow and yet tomorrow, while year follows after another.
O Menelaüs, a husband blest above all art thou !
Surely a kindly man sneezed luck on thy coming here
To Sparta, where other chiefs came wooing, and thou did'st win.
To thee alone of the heroes shall Zeus be a father dear,
For the daughter of Zeus shall lie now with thee one bed within.
Peerless is she among women that walk the Achæan land,
And a wondrous child shall be yours if it bear its mother's face.
All of an age are we that upon Eurotas' strand
Together, with limbs oiled, manlike, run by the bathing-place—
Seven score and a hundred girls, fresh blossom of youthful
maids;—

But none of us can compare with Helen in loveliness.
As the rising Dawn shows fairer than Night's departing shades,
Or as Spring shines brightly forth in the slack of the Winter's
stress,
E'en so did the golden Helen amongst her playmates gleam.
As the springing corn is a joy to a field of fertile loam,
To a garden the cypress-tree, to a car the Thessalian team,
So is the rose-red Helen the grace of her Spartan home.
Not another can spin such thread as she reels forth from the
scuttle,

None can a closer warp cut off from the loom-beams high,
Whereon the chequer'd web is woven with restless shuttle,
Yea, and none can smite the lyre with a hand as masterly,
When she sings broad-bosomed Athene and maiden Artemis.
None are as Helen whose eyes the abode of all loves be.
Maiden most fair and sweet, a matron art thou by this.
At morn to the running-place and the grassy meads will we,

We shall go to pluck us a crown of fragrant blossoms, and oft,
Oft shall we think of thee, dear Helen, as all in vain
A yeanning yearns for the teat of his dam. We shall hang aloft
A chaplet of trailing lotus for thee on a leafy plane,
And taking the liquid anointing-oil from a silver cruse,
Under the leafy plane we shall pour it forth for thee,
And upon the bark shall be graven in words that Dorians use,
For the passer-by to read, "Adore, I am Helen's tree."
Farewell!—Yea, and farewell, *thou* that art wed with heaven
above!

May Leto, mother of youths, grant children, many a one,
And Cypris, the goddess, yield you the joy of an equal love,
And Zeus give limitless wealth from noble father to son!
Slumber and breathe forth love and desire in each other's breast;
But mind ye be stirring at dawn; for hither we'll hie us away
When the first cock shrills as he raises his feathery neck from
his rest.

O Hymen, O god of wedlock, be glad of this bridal day!'

EROS AND THE BEE

THE love-god on a day
Wandered the hives among,
To steal a comb away,
And by a bee was stung.

And all his finger-tips
Tingled, and with his lips
Blowing his hand, he skips
And stamps upon the lea.

To Cypris then he hies,
And shows the cruel sting,
And bitterly he cries:
'How can so small a thing

Raise such a mighty ache?'
His mother, laughing, spake:
'Thyself, though small, can'st make
Like mischief as the bee.'

THE YOKEL AND THE LIGHT-O'-LOVE

WHEN I would kiss Eunice, loud laughed she,
 And taunting cried : 'Thou boor, begone from me !
 Would'st kiss me, wretch ?—I cannot kiss a clown—
 No lips press I but such as hail from town.
 To touch my dainty mouth thou shalt not dare,
 Not even in thy dreams.—How thou dost stare !
 How gross thy speech, how coarse thy playfulness !—
 What winning words, what delicate address,
 Thy beard how soft, thy hair how fine !—Alack,—
 Thy lips are sickly-wan, thy hands are black,
 And evil is thy smell. Away with thee :
 And do not sully me.'

So saying, she
 Thrice in her bosom spat, with look askance
 Eyeing me head to foot with steady glance,
 And shooting out her lips she laughed at me
 With haughty sneer and insolent coquetry.
 My blood boiled straightway and I crimson grew
 Under the smart, as doth a rose with dew.
 Away she fled. With rage my soul is torn
 That such a wanton should my beauty scorn.

Shepherds, am I not fair? Speak sooth to me.
Hath some god made me other, suddenly?
A charm once blossomed round me, beautiful
As ivy round a stem; my beard was full;
Like parsley on my temples curled my hair,
And o'er swart eyebrows gleamed my forehead fair;
My eyes were brighter than Athene's eyne,
Softer than curded milk this mouth of mine,
My speech more honied than the honey-flow.
Sweetly to sing and sweetly play I know
Pipe, oboe, reed or fife, whiche'er I will.
That I am fair all women on the hill
Confess, and kiss me. But that city she,
She kissed me not, but ran away from me.

Hath she not heard how Bacchus drives along
His heifers through the dells, nor learned in song
How once in days gone by the Cyprian Queen
On Phrygian hills a shepherdess was seen;
And how she maddened for a herdsman's sake,
And kissed and wailed Adonis in the brake?

What was Endymion, too, Selene's flame?
What but a hind? And yet from heaven she came
To Latinus' vale to share a herd-boy's bed.
A swain thou weepest, Rhea; and 'tis said
That for a pretty lad that drove a herd
The son of Cronos roamed a wanton bird.
Alone of all, Eunice will not kiss

A neatherd, she who thinks herself, I wis,
Finer than Rhea, Cypris and the Moon !

O Cypris, may'st thou never, late or soon,
Thine Ares kiss in town or on hill-side,
But sleeping lone the live-long night abide !

THE FISHERMAN'S DREAM

WANT is the waker of the Arts, my friend,
And Labour's teacher; for the folk who toil
Are even let from sleep by carking Cares;
Or if they close an eye by night, then, lo!
These standing by their bed-side frighten Sleep.

Two aged fishermen together lay
Within their wattled hut, where they had strown
Dry sea-wrack, and upon this leafy couch
Were flung. The gear of their hard handicraft
Beside them lay, the creels and rods and hooks,
The weed-bedraggled bait, the lines and weels,
The bow-nets made of rush, the cords, the oars,
And an old coble set on props. Beneath
Their head a matting scant; for coverlet
Their clothes. These were the fishers' only means,
Their only wealth; nor bolt, nor door, nor dog
Had they, and all such things were deemed by them
Superfluous; for Want their watcher was.
No neighbour dwelt anigh them, but the sea
Came rippling softly up a narrow creek
Close to their cabin.

And the car of the Moon
Had not yet reached the middle of its course,
When call to labour waked the fishermen.
They from their eyelids chasing sleep away
Bestirred their drowsy minds to utter speech.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

Liars are they, mate, whosoever said
That nights grow short o' summer, when Zeus brings
Long days; for countless visions have I seen,
Yet dawn is not. Am I at fault, mate, or
What ails the nights that they be grown so long?

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Dost chide the lovely summer-time? 'Tis not
The seasons have forgot their course; but Care
Troubling thy slumber makes the night seem long.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

Hast ever learned to interpret dreams? I saw
The fairest things. I would not have thee lack
Thy portion in my vision. Share my dream
E'en as thou shar'st the catch. Wise seer art thou,
Such sense is thine.—Best dream-interpreter
Is he who hearkens to the voice of Sense—
Time and to spare is ours. What can we do
Awake on leafy couch beside the sea?
'The ass is in the prickles,' and 'the lamp
Is in the Prytaneum.'—*That*, they say,
Can never sleep.

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Thy vision of the night
Unfold to me, if thou wilt tell a mate.

FIRST FISHERMAN.

When mid our fisher toil I fell asleep
Yesterday eve, I was not full of meat,
For we had supped betimes, nor overtaxed
Our bellies, an thou mind'st. I saw myself
Upon a rock, and sitting down, I watched
For fish, and dangled up and down my bait.
A fat one made for it—for as in dreams
A dog gets scent of bears, so I, of fish—
He fastened on the hook, and the blood flowed.
I grasped my rod, which doubled with his rush,
And stooping, struggled sore with straining hands,
And wondered how to land the mighty fish
With fish-hooks all too slight; next, gently pricked him,
To mind him of the wound, and slacked my line.
But, as he would not budge, I pulled it taut.
And so the fight was over, and I drew up
A golden fish, all plated thick with gold.
And terror seized me lest it were a fish
Loved of Poseidon, or perchance a jewel
Of sea-green Amphitrite. From the hook
I loosed him gently, lest the barb should tear
The gilding from his mouth, and on a string
I fastened him, a fish of the dry land now.
And then I sware that never on the sea

Would I set foot again, but on the shore
Would bide thenceforward and enjoy my wealth.
And that awakened me. Now, mate, do thou
Cheer up my spirits, for I fear the oath
Which then I sware.

SECOND FISHERMAN.

Nay, fear thee not at all.
Thou art not sworn, for thou hast not found true
The golden fish thou sawest, and the vision
Was but a lie. But if unslumbering
Thou search those waters, then perchance thy sleep
Hath augured luck. Go seek the fish of flesh,
Lest thou of hunger die and golden dreams !

THE PRAISES OF CASTOR AND POLYDEUCES

SING we the sons of Leda and Zeus that is lord of the aegis,
 Castor and him that binding the ox-hide thongs on his knuëkles
 Fights with terrible fists, Polydeuces ; ay, let us hymn them
 Twice and again, those stalwart sons of the daughter of Thestius,
 Spartan brethren, the aids of men when peril is utmost,
 Rescuing steeds run mad in the clash of the blood-stained battle,
 Rescuing ships that brave stars rising and setting in heaven,
 Yea, and encounter the breath of grievous gales that upraising
 Billows mighty a-stem or a-stern, or as each of them listeth,
 Dash these into the hold, and rive both sides of the vessel—
 Sail and mast and gear hang tangled and rent ; in a deluge
 Rain from the sky falls, night creeps on, and the sea roars loudly
 Smitten of blasts and of iron hail—Yet, nevertheless, ye
 Drag from the nether abyss both craft and crew despairing.—
 Quickly the storm-winds cease, and a smooth calm over the ocean
 Spreads, and the clouds flee apart, and the *Bears* shine forth,
 and the *Asses*'

Manger among these mistily gleams and harbingers all things
 Fair for voyaging—O ye friends and helpers of menfolk,
 Horsemen and players both on the harp, ye minstrels and singers,
 Which of you first shall I sing, first Castor or first Polydeuces ?
 Lo, I will hymn you both, but first shall be sung Polydeuces.

Scatheless had Argo'scaped from the rocks which hurtle together,
 Forth from the terrible mouth of Pontus froze, and had wafted
 Safe to the land of Bebrycia her freight of sons of Immortals.
 Down by a ladder, set each side of the vessel of Jason,
 Swarmed that band, and leaped on the low shore hid from the
 breezes.

There they strew their couches, and eagerly handle the fire-
 sticks.

Then Polydeuces swart, and Castor, lord of the coursers,
 Wandered away from their mates, these twain, and beheld with
 amazement

Boskage of every sort on the hill, and under a boulder
 Came on a flowing spring that was ever full of the clearest
 Water; the pebbles gleamed from the depths like silver or crystal.
 Pine-trees, poplars and planes and tufted cypress anigh it
 Flourished, and sweet blooms, too, by the toilsome velvety bees
 loved,

Yea, all blooms that are rife on the meads in the wane of the
 spring-time.

There sat a man in the sun gigantic and awful to look on.
 Torn were his ears by the boxer's blows, and orb'd were his
 monstrous

Breast and back with flesh like iron; like to a mighty
 Statue was he. On the sinewy arms, right up to the shoulder,
 Firm stood his muscles like those great stones which by a wintry
 Torrent are whirled, and rounded smooth by the might of the
 eddiess.

Over his neck and back was dangling the fell of a lion,
 Tied by the paws. Him accosts Polydeuces, winner of contests.

POLYDEUCES

Hail, friend unknown ! What folk, what land is this ?

AMYCUS

What hail to me that see a stranger's face ?

POLYDEUCES

Take heart. Nor knaves nor sons of knaves thou see'st.

AMYCUS

Oh, grammercy ! Thy schooling is unmeet.

POLYDEUCES

Art thou a savage churl, or arrogant ?

AMYCUS

E'en as thou see'st. I tread not on *thy* land.

POLYDEUCES

Come, and with parting gifts return again.

AMYCUS

Gift me no gifts, for I have none to give.

POLYDEUCES

What ? E'en a draught from this spring would'st thou grudge ?

AMYCUS

That shalt thou learn, if that thy lips be parched.

POLYDEUCES

With silver or what guerdon can we move thee ?

AMYCUS

Only by putting hands up, man to man.

POLYDEUCES

Fists only, or with feet, and face to face?

AMYCUS

Strive with thy fists, and spare thy skill no whit.

POLYDEUCES

With whom, then, shall I clash my thong-bound hands?

AMYCUS

With me. No man shall call 'the boxer' girl.

POLYDEUCES

Is there a prize for which we twain shall fight?

AMYCUS

The vanquished shall be called the victor's thrall.

POLYDEUCES

On this wise are the frays of red-combed cocks.

AMYCUS

Lions or cocks, for this alone we'll fight.

So spake Amycus. He then uplifting a hollow sea-shell
Trumpeted. Under the shade of the plane-trees speedily gathered
Long-haired men of Bebrycia on hearing the conch's moaning.
Likewise Castor, the lord of battle, departed and summoned
All that muster of chiefs from the fair Magnessian vessel.

So, when their fists were bound with thongs of force-giving ox-fell,

Coiling the long bands round their arms, they met in the mid-ring,
Breathing slaughter against each other, and fiercely they struggled
Whose back lay to the sun. By skill thou won'st, Polydeuces,
This from the giant, and all his face was smitten with sun-rays.
Sore was his wrath, and forward he lunged with blows at his rival.
Him Tyndarides hit on the chin as he charged, and his anger
Thereby fiercer was roused, and dealing buffets at random
Onward he came, head down. The Bebrycians uttered a clamour;
Yea, and in answer the heroes cheered on stout Polydeuces,
Fearing lest in so narrow a place that Tityan giant
Bore him down with his weight. But shifting hither and thither,
Yet close ever, the son of Zeus dealt bruises with both fists,
Thwarting the onset wild of the monstrous child of Poseidon.
Dizzy with blows *he* stood spitting forth red blood, and the
heroes

All roared loudly for joy when they saw weals grievous arising
Over his mouth and jowl. Half-closed were the eyes on the
swollen

Face. With feints all round him the hero baffled and vexed him.
Then, when he marked him a-weary and mazed he with clenched
fist smote him

Just 'twixt forehead and nose, his brow to the bare bone skinning.
Stricken, he backward fell full length in the midst of the herbage.
Grimly the fight was renewed when he rose; each battered his
rival,

Smiting with stubborn thongs. The Bebrycian leader assaulted
Breast and thigh and neck. Polydeuces, peerless in combat,
Mangled his enemy's face all over with blows unsightly.
Quickly the giant waned, his flesh quite melted with sweating

Waxed still larger than other's limbs as he tackled his labour,
Haler his hue.

Oh, tell me now, thou daughter of heaven,
How that son of Zeus laid low that gluttonous monster.
Thou goddess, yea thou alone dost know; what am I but a
mouthpiece,
Willing to speak what matter soe'er and howe'er thou desirest?

Amycus, wishful to work some wondrous deed, from an onset
Sloping aslant, Polydeuces' left hand gripped with his left hand;
Then lunged forward and flung his palm from his right thigh
upward.

Had but he hit, he had harmed his foeman, the king of Amyclae;
But with a turn of his head *he* balked that blow, with a stout hand
Driving at Amycus' head on the left right out from the shoulder.
Swiftly the dark blood gushed from a gaping wound on the temple.
Smiting his mouth with the other, he rattled his ranges of tushes,
Ever with swifter stroke his visage bruising, and pounded
Both his cheeks, till aswoon fell *he* at last on the meadow
All his length, and with outstretched hands sought truce from
the combat,

Nigh unto death. Yet so, no cruelty wanton upon him
Did'st thou conquering wreak, Polydeuces, peerless of boxers;
Nathless he solemnly swore by the Sea, his father Poseidon,
Never again any more to be troublesome unto a stranger.

Now I have hymned thy praises, O king; next sing I of Castor,
Tyndareus' offspring, lord of the steeds, bronze-corseleted
lanceman.

These twin sons of Zeus had stol'n Leucippus's maiden
Daughters twain, and brethren twain swift after them hasted,
All but bridegrooms they, Aphareus' sons, Idas and Lynceus.
These having won to the tomb of their dead sire, forth from
their chariots

Leaping, clashed with the foe in an onset of lances and bucklers.
Lynceus then through his helmet shouts and accosts them in
this wise:—

'Sirs, why seek ye to fight, and why for the wives of your fellows
Rage ye, and hold bare knives in your hands? Unto us twain
long since

Old Leucippus his maids did give with an oath in betrothal;
But ye wrongfully sought with guerdon of mules and of oxen,
Ay, and with booty, your neighbours' brides, and have won to
your wishes

(Stealing a wedlock with gifts) their sire. Unto both of you often,
Yea, to your face have I said, though quite unskilful in converse:

"Friends, it is all unmeet great heroes woo upon this wise

Wives already betrothed; lo, wide is Sparta, and Elis,

Land of the horse, Arcadia, land of the sheep, the Achæan

Towns Messene and Argos and all the Corinthian foreland.

Many the maidens there that are reared by their father and
mother,

Lacking for naught in shape or in mind; and of these ye may
lightly

Choose you a bride to your will, for many were glad to be fathers

Unto as noble youths that are kings in the kinship of heroes,

Ye and your fathers and all their blood from their fathers afore-
time.

Come, friends, let this wedlock of ours be duly accomplished,
Yea, and let all seek out and devise other bridal for you twain."
These were my words oftwhiles, but storm-winds unto the ocean
Bare them away; no favour my words gat. Stubborn and
haughty

Ever are ye; but yield e'en now, for ye both are our cousins,—
Kin by the father's side; but an if your hearts are for battle,
Yea, and we must dip spears in the blood of an equal combat,
Idas and stout Polydeuces, kinsmen, shall from the conflict
Hold them and stay their hands, while Castor and I do battle,
We that are younger born, that so we may leave to our parents
No great woe—one corse from one house surely sufficeth.
Then shall the winners feast, being brought from death unto
wedlock,
All their companions, ay, and shall take these maidens in
marriage.
So were a great dispute well laid, and with light loss only.'

These were his words, and the god was minded then to fulfil them.
Quickly the elders doffed their gear from their shoulders and
placed it
Down on the ground. Then forth stepped Lynceus shaking his
huge spear
Under the buckler's rim, and in like wise Castor brandished
His keen lance; tall plumes waved over the helmet of either.
First with their spears they toiled, each aiming a blow at his rival
Wheresoever he spied any part of the foeman unguarded;
Natheless, ere either was hurt their spear-points snapped in
their bucklers.

Then from the sheaths they drew their swords, with a murderous
onslaught

Rushing together again; no surcease was there of combat.

Many a blow from Castor fell on the shield of his rival,

Fell on his horseshair crest, and often the keen-eyed Lynceus

Smote *his* shield, just touching the crimson tuft on his helm-crest.

Castor then slipping back his left foot severed his rival's

Fingers as *he* with his weapon a blow at his left knee volleyed.

Smitten, he dropped his blade, and swift to the tomb of the father

Fled, where Idas brave was leaning and watching the kinsmen

Battling together; and swiftly the son of Tyndareus after

Bounded and drove his brand right through from the flank to
the navel,

Spilling the bowels; and Lynceus fell down prone on his mouth
there,

While on his eyelids rushed that sleep that knows not of waking.

Nay, nor that other one of her children did Laocoösa

See by the hearth in his home having made sweet ending of
bridal.

Wrenching quickly the standing-stone from the tomb of their
father,

Idas was ready to slay his brother's slayer, and *had* slain,

But Zeus came to his aid, and dashed from the hands of the
thrower

That wrought slab, consuming the man with bolts of his lightning.

'Tis not a light emprise to do battle with Tyndareus' offspring;

Mighty are they themselves, and mighty the sire who begat them.

Farewell, sons of Leda, and aye grant fame to my verses !
Friends are the children of song to the sons of Tyndareus ever,
Yea, and to Helen and heroes all, that with king Menelaüs
Utterly sacked Troy town. For you that minstrel of Chios
Glory devised, O kings, by singing the city of Priam,
Greek ships, Ilion's wars and Achilles, tower of battle.
I, too, bring you the honied charm of the clear-voiced Muses,
Theirs, yea and mine, for songs are the fairest meed of Immortals.

THE VENGEANCE OF LOVE

A LOVE-SICK man pined for a haughty youth
Of beauteous form but of unbeauteous ways,
And harsh to him that loved him. Nothing kind
Was his; nor knew he what a god is Love,
How strong the bow he wields, with what keen arrows
He wounds men's hearts; but ever cold was he
To speech and greeting. No assuagement was
Of passion, not a quiver of lip, no soft
Glance from the eye, no blush, no word, no kiss
That lightens love; but like a woodland beast
That casts a wild shy look upon the hunter,
E'en so was he unto the man; and fierce
His lips were set against him, and his eyes
Gleamed with the stern and dreadful glance of Fate.
His look would change with anger, and the flush
That lay like raiment on his lovely limbs
Would flee away: yet was he fair e'en thus,
His very wrath charming his lovers more.
At length that one no longer could endure
Such fire of passionate love, and sought the house
Of his hard-hearted darling, and there he wept,
And kissed the door-post, lifting up his voice:—

‘Cruel and hateful boy, some horrible lioness
Suckled thee, boy of stone, love’s shame. Lo, I come to thee
With a latest gift, this noose for my neck, thy wrathfulness
Never to rouse any more, for I go where thou doomest me,
To the place where men say lovers shall find a remede for woe,
And the stream of Forgetfulness is. But e’en did I drink it dry,
Putting my lips thereto, I could never assuage the glow
Of my passionate desire ; but now I will say good-bye
Unto thy gates.—Right well do I know what thing will be.
Fair is the rose, but Time doth make it to wither away,
And rathe the violet fades that in Spring is fair to see,
The white lily fades and falls, and the white snow will not stay;
And fair is the beauty of boys, yet it lives but a little space ;
And lo, that morrow will dawn when Desire shall make *thee* mad,
And thy heart shall be burning within thee, and bitter tears on
thy face.

But do to me now this last sweet favour, I pray thee, lad.—
Whenas at thy coming forth thou shalt see me hanging here
At thy gateway, pass not coldly by me for pity’s sake,
But stand and sorrow a while ; and then having shed a tear,
Loose me from off the rope ; from thy limbs a garment take,
And fold it about me, and hide me, and give me a last sweet
kiss,

Gracing the dead with thy lips, and have thou no fear of me ;
I cannot kiss thee back.—’Twill be full atonement this ;—
Then pile me a barrow wherein my love-woe hidden shall be,
And cry thrice over me, “Rest in peace,” ere thou onward
speed.—

Yea, cry this too, an thou wilt, “I have lost my comrade true.”

And write (on the wall shall I grave it), "Stop, traveller, stand
and read ;
Here lieth a man whom his love for a cruel comrade slew."'

He spake, and took a stone, and leaning it
Against the wall to half the height thereof,
A dreadful stone, he fastened from the lintel
The slender rope, and cast about his neck
The noose, and kicked the prop away, and so
Was hanged to death.

And that one oped his door,
And saw the corse from his own court-wall hanging,
Nor yet was wrung in soul, nor wept the strange
Sad end, nor soiled with death his boy's fair weeds ;
But hied him to the wrestlers' sports, and there,
Far from his friends, bethought him of the baths,
And came unto the very god that he
Had slighted. From the pedestal of stone
He dived into the waters, and the statue
Leaped on that youth and slew him ; and the wave
Was crimsoned with his blood, and o'er the brim
The voice of the belovèd floated on :—

'O ye lovers, rejoice ; for he that hated is slain,
O ye belovèd, love ; for the god hath vengeance ta'en.'

THE CHILD HERACLES AND THE SNAKES

WHEN Heracles was waxen ten moons old,
Alcmena took him and his brother twin,
Younger by one night, Iphicles, 'tis told,
And bathed and suckled them, then soft within
A brazen shield Amphitryon did win
From Pterelaüs, a graven shield and fair,
She laid them down, and stroked her babies' hair.

'Sleep, baby boys, a sweet and healthful sleep,
Oh sleep, my darlings, safely through the night;
In joy, O baby brethren, slumber deep,
In joy behold the morrow's dawning light.'
So they were rocked asleep. But when the bright
Orion's shoulder glimmered, and the *Bear*
Was sloping downward to his midnight lair,

Unto the threshold wide of that demesne,
And through the chinks 'twixt gate-pillars and gate,
Two monster snakes bristling in steely sheen
Did guileful Here send in bitter hate
Upon the babe their maw to satiate;
And so, uncoiling, those soft-gliding two
Along the ground their ravening bellies drew.

And from their eyne leapt forth an evil flame,
And from their mouths envenomed ooze did fall,
As ever nearer to the babes they came
With flickering tongues. But Zeus, who knoweth all
Wakened the boys; his glory filled the hall,
And loud screamed Iphicles when he espied
Those monsters' teeth above the buckler wide.

And with his feet he spurned the coverlet,
Striving to flee, but out flung Heracles
Both hands, that round the brutes' necks tightly met,
(For there the poisons lie that no man sees
Of cruel snakes—the gods themselves hate these)
And round the suckling babe the coils were spread
The nursling that a tear had never shed.

Quickly they loosed their aching spine again,
Striving from out their bondage to be free.
Alemena heard the cry and wakened then.—
'Amphitryon, rise; for fear hath hold of me.
Arise, and put not sandals on; for see
At dead of night the halls are glimmering
As with the dawn. Surely a dreadful thing

Hath happed within the house. Did'st thou not hear
How loud a cry, dear friend, our youngest gave?'
She spake. He to his wife lent ready ear,
And leaped from bed, and seized his falchion brave
That ever nigh his cedarn couch did wave.

One hand reached for the woven baldric good, -
The other raised the sheath of lotus-wood.

The vasty room again was filled with night.
Then called he on his drowsy-breathing thralls :
'Fire from the hearth quick bring, the door-bolt smite.'—
'Rise, sturdy slaves ; it is the master calls.'
So cried an eastern slave-girl through the halls,
Whose bed was by the mill-stones nigh the porch ;
And quickly slaves came forth with blazing torch.

All hastened, and the house was filled with din.
And when they saw the baby Heracles
With two dead snakes his tender fists within,
Astonied all cried out ; but he took these,
And leaped for gladness, and, his sire to please,
Pointed at those two snakes with death fordone,
And laughing laid them nigh Amphitryon.

Alcmena to her bosom pressed his brother,
Iphicles, stiff and very pale with dread ;
Amphitryon 'neath a lamb's fleece laid that other,
And then betook himself to rest and bed.
When thrice the cocks had sung Dawn's early red
Alcmena bade Tiresias to her view,
The truthful seer, and told the wonder new,
And bade him say what thing soe'er should be.
'Nor, an the gods,' said she, 'devise me woes,
Hide it in ruth ; no need to tell to thee
Man must abide what from Fate's spindle flows.

So spake the queen. His voice in answer rose :
' Mother of noble children, have good cheer ;
Daughter of Perseus, cease from boding fear.

For by the sweet light vanished from my eyne,
Henceforth at eve Achæan women oft
Shall sing the glory of that name of thine,
As on their knees they card the wool-yarn soft,
So great is he, thy son, who high aloft
To starry heaven shall go, so broad of breast.—
Yea, man and beast shall hearken his behest.

His shall it be twelve labours to fulfil,
And then in Zeus's halls to dwell for aye.
A Trachis funeral-pyre shall work its will
On all that served him for his mortal day ;
And from the gods his bride shall be,—'twas they
Roused from their lair these snakes to slay the child—
Then fawns shall couch with wolves, and wolves be mild.—

But, lady ! 'neath the ashes nurse a fire,
And gather fuel of gorse, of thorn, or pear,
Dried by the tempest's whirl ; bring woodland briar,
And burn on those rough brands these two snakes there
At midnight (when they hither did repair
To slay thy child), and let a serving-may
Gather the dust and bear it far away

At dawn, and from a ragged precipice
Into the stream beneath her fling it all,

¹ Perhaps an interpolated reminiscence of the Septuagint.

And hie her back with unreverted eyes.
Then first with fire of sulphur cleanse the hall,
Next salted water of the ritual
Sprinkle from wreathèd bough, and slay a boar
To Zeus above—so shall your foes give o'er.'

He spake, pushed back the chair of ivory,
And went his way though laden sore with years.
And Heracles beneath his mother's eye
Waxed like a sapling that some vineyard rears,
And hight Amphitryon's son in all men's ears.
Old Linus learned the lad in character, y,
A hero and a watchful teacher he.

Eurytus, wealthy in ancestral lands,
Taught him to draw the bow and aim aright;
Eumolpus learned him song, and trained his hands
To play the boxwood lyre; and every sleight
That men of Argos in the wrestling-fight
Against each other use, each artful wile
Of thong-armed boxers, the pancratiast's guile,—

All these and more he learnt from Hermes' son,
Harpalycus of Phanes, whom descried,
A wrestler in the lists afar, no one—
For fear of his grim face—could well abide.
Amphitryon gladly taught the boy to ride
Upon the chariot, and to drive his yoke
Safe round the goal and keep his nave unbroke.

For oft in Argos, pasture-land of steeds,
 Full many a treasure unto his abode
 Had he as guerdon ta'en for mighty deeds.
 Unbroken were the chariots that he rode;
 Time only did their leathern thongs corrode.
 And Castor taught him how with lance in rest,
 Shield backward thrown, to pierce his foeman's breast;

To bide the biting of a foeman's blade,
 To range the phalanx and command the horse,
 To gauge the number of an ambuscade
 Ere swooping down on it in headlong course;
 For Castor, prince of horsemanship, perforce
 Had come from Argos, when that vineyard land
 Was held by Tydeus at Adrastus' hand.

No warrior yet was ever Castor's peer
 Among the demi-gods ere eld did waste
 His youthful strength. Thus did his mother rear
 Her son. Anigh his sire's his bed was placed,
 Which by the lion's fell he loved was graced.
 He dined on roasted flesh and Dorian bread
 Piled in a crate in plenty to have fed.

A garden thrall; a slender meal ate he
 Uncooked at eve; a plain weed girt his knee.

THE SLAYING OF THE NEMEAN LION
BY HERACLES

HIM then the time-worn swain and faithful ward of the harvest,
Ceasing the work of his hands, addressed: 'Right willingly,
stranger,

All thy request will I grant, for I honour the Roadway Hermes.
Ay, for they say his wrath is most among all the Immortals,
If that a man should refuse to be guide unto one that entreats
him.

Not one pasture or place do the herds of the gracious Augeas
Browse; some feed on the banks of the river Elisus, and others
Feed by Alpheus' sacred stream, some near the Buprasian
Vineyards, here too some, and apart are the steadings builded.

Yet these fertile meads are at all times teeming with oxen
Nigh unto Menius' wide-spread pool, for the meadow and lowland
Dewy are rich in lush sweet grass giving strength to the cattle.
Lo, on thy right hand shows their stall seen clearly by all men,
There on the farther side of the stream where the alleys of
plane-trees

Flourish, and wild-olives make that sacred grove of Apollo,
God of pasture,—a god most mighty of all, O stranger.

Nigh them are builded fair large fields for the hinds and the
neatherds,

Us that are careful wards of the king's unspeakable plenty,

Casting the seed in the thrice-ploughed field and the four-times also.

Only the delving, hard-wrought thralls who troop to the wine-vats,
What time Summer is ripe to the full, know where are his marches.
Yea, for the meads and the tilth and the orchards green are the
monarch's

Up to the farthest ridge of the fountain'd hills; and all day
We tend these, as thralls are wont who live in the open.

Come now and tell thou to me (for so for thee, stranger, 'twere
better)

Why thou art here. Dost seek Augeas, or one of his home-
thralls?

Gladly to thee will I speak and with knowledge. Sure from a
noble

Race art thou; nor art mean thyself; so goodly thy shape is.

Yea, upon this wise tarry the sons of the gods among menfolk.'

Him then in answering speech addressed Zeus' glorious offspring:

'Yea, old sir, I desire to behold Augeas, your ruler;

Yea, himself to behold am I come; but an if in the township

He with the council abides, and taking heed for the people

Sets them laws, old sir, then lead me unto a steward,

One placed over the hinds, and to him will I make my petition;

Yea, and from him shall I learn what I would, for the will of
the gods is

Each man here among men should have alway need of another.'

Him then again that swain so goodly and ancient answered:

'O friend, surely the word of a god was a guide to thee hither,

All thy desires being granted straight; for the child of the Sun-god,
King Augeas, is here with his lordly and strong son Phyleus.

Hither at last he came yestreen from the city, his myriad
Flocks and herds to review in the fields,—e'en kings ever deem it
Safer to heed their house themselves; but go we towards him.
I will be thy guide to the fold where haply he standeth.'

These were his words; then he led on the way and greatly he
wondered,

Seeing the wild beast's fell and the club in his right hand lying,
Whence were the stranger come, and was eager to question him;
nathless

Fear bade him hold his word on the lip, lest haply he uttered
Words untimed, unmeet, in his haste; for it is not a light thing
Thoroughly to know what a man may think. And sudden the
watch-dogs

Felt their approach from afar by their scent and the sound of
their footsteps.

Loudly they barked and leaped eachside of Amphitryon's offspring,
Savagely too they welcomed and fawned on the sire. From the
roadway

Lifting a stone (no more) he scared them, and many a loud threat
Uttered against them, and stayed their barking, inly rejoicing
These were as wards ever guarding the fold though the master
was absent.

Thus then he spake: 'Lo, now, what a wonderful beast the Im-
mortals

Here have giv'n to abide with man, how easily ordered;
If but his inward mind were wise, and he wot of the seasons
Angry to be, and friend from foe he knew, not another
Beast would have earned such praise, but now too wrathful and
fiery

Ever is he.' So spake he, and swiftly they came to the steading.
Lo, and already the Sun-god's steeds were sloping to westward,
Bringing the eventide, and the flocks came up from the pasture
Unto the steading-folds; then kine in countless thousands
Showed on their forward march like storm-clouds such as are
driven

Up by the wind of the south or the might of the Thracian north
wind—

Numberless onward in air these move, for the might of the
tempest

Rolls on many ahead, and many another behind them
Rears its crest—E'en so comes herd upon herd ever onward.
Thronged are the pastures all, and on all ways hasten the cattle
Lowing along, and the folds are speedily filled with the oxen
Twisted of horn, and the folded sheep lie down in the sheep-pens.
Then not a man of the many who stood by the cattle was idle,
Lacking a task, but one with smooth thongs fastened a halter
Over their feet and stood close by them to milk, and another
Under the mothers set their youngling calves that were thirsting
Sore for the rich sweet milk, and another the milk-pail handled.
This one curdled a creaming cheese, and the bulls with another
Went to a steading apart from the kine, and Augeas noted,
Going to every byre, how his wealth was watched by his herdsmen.
There with him went his son, and Heracles mighty in counsel
Followed along with the king as he moved in the midst of his
riches.

Then Amphytrion's heir, albeit a soul in his inward
Bosom he bore unbroke and not to be shaken for ever,
Greatly was moved to behold this countless guerdon of heaven.

Little had ever he deemed one man to possess this abundant
Wealth of neat, nay, not ten kings most wealthy of all kings.
This most bountiful gift was made by the Sun to his offspring,
So that 'mong all men *he* should rich be in sheep and in cattle;
Yea, and himself to the herds gave increase ever; a murrain
Never on those herds came, that bane of the toil of the herdsmen.
Ever the hornèd kine waxed more, ever better and better
Year unto year, and they all bare live young, all bare heifers.
'Mongst these went three hundred bulls, white-leggèd and swart-
hued,

Ten score others were red, all breeding males, and amid these
Fed twelve, white as swans, the peculiar care of the Sun-god.
Brightly they shone amid all that crowd of the shambling oxen.
Far from the herd they browsed on the grass that was rife on
their pastures,
Such their wanton pride; and whene'er from the tangled
thicket

Down on the meadow the swift wild beasts leaped forth for the
cattle,
These went first to the fight, from afar having scent of the odour.
Dread their bellowing then, and their eyes held death in their
glances.

Leader of all in strength and might and glory of valour
Came great Phaëthon; him all neatherds unto a planet
Likened, for that he shone far-seen in the throng of the oxen.
He espying the rough, dry fell of the bright-eyed lion,
Wildly on watchful Heracles rushed, with a fierce front striving
Him on the thigh to assail; but with stout hand swiftly the hero
Seized on the leftmost horn as he charged, and bended his heavy

Neck to the ground, and forced him back with a thrust of the shoulder.

Stretched on the tendons of shoulder and arm, swelled outward his muscle.

Him that prince did admire, and the prince's son, wise Phyleus, Yea, and the wards of the hornèd kine, when they saw the stupendous

Might of the son of Amphytryon. Then straightway to the city, Leaving the champaign rich, in company Phyleus and mighty Heracles wend their way; and close by the edge of the high-road,—

Swiftly the narrow path they had walked which stretched from the steading

Down through the vineyard, a path obscure in the winding greenwood,—

Phyleus, son of Augeas, with head just turned on the shoulder, Speaks to the son of Zeus Most Highest following after :

‘Stranger, of old I heard some tale of thee—yea, and it runneth Even now in my mind—for of thee was, methinks, that story.

Wave-washed Helice once on a day sent hither a stalwart

Fellow from Argos, who told in the midst of many Epeans

How that an Argive man (he present) slaughtered a lion

Wild and dreadful, the bane of the field-folk, having his hollow

Lair by the grove of Nemean Zeus; and rightly he knew not

Whether from Argos he came or Tiryns or old Mycenae.

Thus did he speak, and he said, if aright my memory serves me,

He was of Perseus' race; and methinks that of all men of Argos

Thou, friend, did'st this thing; for the beast's fell clearly be-tokens

Some strong deed of thy hands,—that fell thy thighs are en-
wrapt in.

Come, first tell thou to me, that so my soul may have knowledge,
Hero, whether my thought be a true one or no,—an that Argive
Helice-born spake true, and my guess be aright—unfolding
How thou alone did'st slay that baneful brute; yea, and tell me
How to the watered land of Nemea came he, for monsters
Such never breathe on the Apian soil, nor could'st thou behold one
E'en an thou would'st, but bears and boars, and the fell wolves'
kindred.

Wherefore we wondered, hearing the tale; and some said a
falsehood

Spake that stranger, and lavished a lying tongue on his hearers.'
So said Phyleus, and moved from the mid-way, making sufficient
Room for their walking abreast, so better to hearken his answer.
Walking beside him the hero spake and addressed him on this
wise:

'Son of Augeas, lo thyself thine earlier question

Well and aright hast answered, and thee will I tell how the
monster

Met with his end, since learn thou would'st. But one thing I
cannot

Say; for whence he came I know not, and none of the Argives
Rightly can tell—this only—we deem that a god in his anger,
Rites being unfulfilled, this plague on the sons of Phoroneus
Sent; for the lion came on the lowlanders, like to a bursting
Torrent, ravaging all, but mostly the Beimbineans.

Their home nearest lay to the beast, and great were their sorrows.
This toil first Eurystheus laid upon me to accomplish,

Bidding me slaughter the dreadful brute. So, taking my lissom
Bow and my quiver of shafts in the one hand, forth I sallied,
Holding a cudgel of wild-olive, tough, unbarked, in the other,
One that myself erst found 'neath Helicon holy and tore it
Up by the roots entire ; and whenas to the haunt of the lion
Now was I come, I seized my bow, and over the bow-tip
Slipping the twisted cord, I speedily fastened a fatal
Arrow thereon, and cast my eyes all round for the monster,
Hoping to see him first ere he was ware of my coming.
Lo, it was now full noon, and as yet no trace of him was there,
Naught could I see, no roar could I hear, no man by the oxen,
None by the furrowed corn-field stood whom I could inquire of ;
Pale fear held them fast in the steadings. Over the woody
Mountain I ranged with a restless foot, till at last I beheld him,
Then made trial at once of my strength. He unto his antre
Slowly was moving before night fell, having gorged on a bloody
Prey ; his dust-clotted mane and chest and savagely-glancing
Visage dabbled with gore ; his tongue on his long beard lolling.
Swiftly I crouched in the shade of the scrub on a wood-covered
hillock,
Watching whence he should leap, and his left flank shot as he
neared me—
All in vain, for my shaft pierced not through the flesh of the creature.
Back on the grass it fell ; and swiftly he raised his tawny
Head from the ground in amaze, and cast keen glances about him,
Showing the lustful teeth in his open jaws, and against him
Shooting another shaft from the string, in wrath that yon other
Sped from my hand in vain, right there in the cleft of the
breast-bone,

There, where the lungs are, I smote him. The stinging arrow rebounded

Back from his hide, and fell quite spent by the feet of the monster.

Terribly wroth in soul, once more was I drawing my bowstring, But that ravening beast with wild eyes glancing around him Spied me, and lashed his flanks with his long tail, eager for battle.

Swoln was his neck with wrath, and his red mane bristling with anger,

Curved his back as a bended bow, and his whole bulk huddled Under his loins and flanks. And e'en as, when masterful wainwrights

Bend soft fig-boughs warmed in the fire as wheels for a chariot, Forth from their handling the thin bent wood springs far with a single

Bound, so leaped that lion dread from a distance upon me, Lusting fiercely my flesh to devour; but swift with my left hand Holding my arrows forth and the double cloak from my shoulder, While with the other I lifted my rough mace over my temple, Him I smote on the head, and shattered my wild-olive weapon Over the brow of the ravening brute, and ere that he reached me Down to the earth he fell, and stood on his wavering feet there Swaying his head; night came on his eyne; for the brain was reeling

Under the smitten skull; and seeing him dazed with the anguish, Ere he again could breathe, I smote his neck on the sudden Fair on the nape with my fist, having flung my bow and my quiver

130 SLAYING OF THE LION BY HERACLES

Down on the ground, and then with stout hands pressing
together

Throttled him hard from behind for fear his claws should assail
me,

Weighing his hind-feet down with my heels and firmly upon him
Standing, and 'twixt my thighs gripping fast his ribs, till I held
him

Up by the paws stretched out full length, all breath from the body
Gone, and Hades vast had gotten the soul of him. Wonder
Seized on me then how to tear that rough-maned hide from the
carcass.

Aught but a light task that ; no iron or pebble could rive it,
No, nor what else I tried. Some god then gave me the counsel
How that lion's fell I should rip with the claws, and swiftly
Him I flayed, and about my limbs his hide for a mantle
Flung as a ward 'gainst havoc of war. So, friend, was an ending
Made of the Nemean beast once deadly to men and to cattle.'

PENTHEUS AND THE MÆNADS

THREE Mænads, Ino and Autonoe
And apple-cheeked Agave led to the hill
Three bands of Bassarids, and stripping off
All the wild leafage of a shaggy oak,
And plucking ivy lush and asphodel
Of upper earth, they built them altars twelve,
There in an open mead, to Semele three,
To Dionysus nine; and from the coffer
Taking the secret cakes, they silently
Laid them upon the altars of fresh leaves;
For so the god himself had taught, and so
Would have it. Pentheus from a lofty rock,
Where 'mid Cithaeron's aged lentisk-trees
He lay, saw all. Him first Autonoe spied,
And shrieked aloud, and dashing forward, wrecked
The rites of raving Bacchus with her feet—
Rites ever un beholden of men profane.
She maddened, and the others maddened too,
And Pentheus fled in fear, but they pursued
With raiment gathered up about the thigh.
Then Pentheus cried: 'Women, what would ye do?
Answered Autonoe: 'Thou shalt quickly know—
Yea, ere thou hear.'

His mother seized the head
Of her own child, and gave a long loud cry,
As howls the lioness among her cubs.
Then Ino, setting heel upon his belly,
Tore the great shoulder and the shoulder-blade
From off the man. Like was Autonoe's way.
The others rent the remnant of his flesh
Among themselves, and so to Thebes all passed,
Dabbled with blood, and from the mountain brought
Not Pentheus, but the sorrow of his name.

I heed it not; nor any care be mine
Of other foe of Bacchus, though he met
Worse things,—were he a child of nine years old,
Or nigh his tenth. May I be pure and holy,
And with the pure and holy favour find!
From ægis-bearing Zeus this augury
Hath praise: 'Fair fall the children of the pious
But to the children of the impious woe!'

Hail, Dionysus, whom Most Highest Zeus
In snowy Dracanus hid safe, when he
Had oped his mighty thigh, and all hail thou,
Fair Semele, and sisterhood Cadmean
Of hero's daughters, dear to many a one!
At Dionysus' hest ye wrought this deed—
A deed not to be blamed in any wise;
Let no man blame the workings of the gods!

THE LOVER AND HIS LASS

THE GIRL

. . . Ay, and a neatherd ravished the wise Helen.

DAPHNIS

Nay, Helen won him with a willing kiss.

THE GIRL

Boast not, young satyr, for—‘a kiss is naught.’

DAPHNIS

Yet empty kisses have a sweet delight.

THE GIRL

I rub my mouth and blow thy kiss away.

DAPHNIS

Dost rub thy lips? Give them again to kiss!

THE GIRL

Heifers should’st *thou* kiss, not an unwed maid.

DAPHNIS

Boast not, for Youth drifts by thee like a dream.

THE GIRL

But raisins come from grapes, the dried rose lives.

DAPHNIS

I, too, age; let me drink that milk and honey!

THE GIRL

Hands off!—Would'st dare?—I'll scratch thy lips again!

DAPHNIS

Come 'neath yon olives! I would tell a tale.

THE GIRL

Nay, with a sweet tale thou beguil'dst me once.

DAPHNIS

Come 'neath yon elms, and listen to my pipe!

THE GIRL

Pleasure thyself! No silly song love I.

DAPHNIS

Ah, maiden, maiden, dread the Paphian's wrath!

THE GIRL

Good-bye to her, if Artemis be kind!

DAPHNIS

Hush, lest she fling thee in her scapeless toils!

THE GIRL

Nay, let her fling me! Artemis will save.

DAPHNIS

Thou can'st not flee from Love; no maiden can.

THE GIRL

By Pan, I do! But thou aye bear'st his yoke.

DAPHNIS

I fear he give thee to a meaner man.

THE GIRL

Many my wooers, but none hath my heart.

DAPHNIS

A wooer, too, 'mongst many here I come.

THE GIRL

What shall I do, friend ? Full of woe is wedlock.

DAPHNIS

Nor woe nor pain hath marriage, but a dance.

THE GIRL

Ay, but they say that women dread their lords.

DAPHNIS

Nay, rule them rather. What do women fear ?

THE GIRL

Travail I dread. Keen pangs hath childbearing.

DAPHNIS

Thy lady Artemis will ease the pain.

THE GIRL

But I fear childbirth for my beauty's sake.

DAPHNIS

A mother, thou shalt glory in thy sons.

THE GIRL

What wedding-gift dost bring, if I say 'yes' ?

DAPHNIS

My herd, my woodland, and my pasturage.

THE GIRL

Swear not to leave me after to my woe!

DAPHNIS

Never, by Pan, e'en did'st thou drive me forth!

THE GIRL

Wilt build a chambered house and yard-walls for me?

DAPHNIS

I'll build a chambered house, and tend thy flocks.

THE GIRL

But oh! what shall I tell my aged sire?

DAPHNIS

He'll praise thy wedlock, when he learns my name.

THE GIRL

Tell me thy name. A name oft gives delight.

DAPHNIS

Daphnis—Nomaea's child and Lycidas'.

THE GIRL

Well-born indeed! But no less well am I.

DAPHNIS

Of honoured birth, I know. Thy sire's Menalcas.

THE GIRL

Show me thy grove where stands thy cattle-stall.

DAPHNIS

Hither, and see how soft my cypress blooms!

THE GIRL

Browse, goats; I go to view the herdsman's place.

DAPHNIS

Feed, bulls; I'll show my grove unto the maid.

GIRL

What dost thou, satyr? Why dost touch my breasts?

DAPHNIS

To know if these young apples there are ripening.

GIRL

By Pan, I faint! Take back that hand of thine!

DAPHNIS

Courage, dear girl! Why shak'st thou so for fear?

GIRL

Would'st thrust me in the ditch and wet my gown?

DAPHNIS

See, I will throw this fleece beneath thy robe.

GIRL

My girdle is torn off! Why did'st thou loose it?

DAPHNIS

I vow this firstling to the Paphian one.

GIRL

Oh wait! . . . If some one came! . . . I hear a noise!

THE LOVER AND HIS LASS

DAPHNIS

The cypresses are murmuring of our love.

GIRL

My kirtle is in rags, and I am naked.

DAPHNIS

An ampler kirtle will I give to thee . . .

GIRL

All things today ; perhaps no salt tomorrow !

DAPHNIS

. . . And oh to give my life along with it !

GIRL

Forgive me, Artemis ; I break thy vow !

DAPHNIS

I'll slay a calf to Love, the cow to Cypris.

GIRL

A maid I hither came, a woman go.

DAPHNIS

Yea, but a mother and a nurse of children.

So these twain, joying in their youthful limbs,
Babbled together, and Love's stolen sweet
Tasted. Then up she rose, and silently
Moved off to tend her flock, her eyes downcast,
But gladness in her heart. He towards his herd
Of bulls departed full of Love's delight.

THE DISTAFF

DISTAFF dear to the spinning women, given
Unto such as are wise of heart by Pallas,
Boldly come with me unto Neleus' lordly
Township, where is a holy fane of Cypris,
Green-lit under a roof of tender rushes.
Waft me yonder, ye kindly winds of heaven,
So that I may behold my friend with gladness,
Yea, and kiss and be kissed by him, by Nicias,
Sacred child of the passion-breathing Graces !
Thee too, daughter of ivory carved with endless
Labour, into the hand of Nicias' helpmeet
I shall give; for with her much wealth of woven
Work, men's raiment and women's wavy garments,
Shalt thou fashion; for twice a year the fleeces
Soft of ewe-mothers reared in grassy meadows
Would Theogenis, lovely-ankled lady,
Shear, so toilsome she is and fond of wise ways.
Not to easy and lazy houses would I
Grant this gift from the land that is my birthplace;
For thy city did Archias of old time,
He from Ephyra, build, to be the marrow
Of Trinacria, yea, the town of great men.
Natheless now thou shalt lie within the dwelling

Of that man who is wise in many potent
Drugs which cure us of all our dire diseases.
In Miletus, a fair Ionian city,
Shalt thou dwell, that amongst her fellow-women
There, Theogenis have the best of distaffs,
Yea and ever thou may'st recall the poet
Once her guest; for whoever looks upon thee
Shall say: 'Surely a mighty favour follows
With small gifts,—any gifts of friends are precious.'

•

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

WINE, men say, is a well of Truth;
 And we in our cups must truthful be.
 I will say what lurks in my soul, dear youth—
 Thou givest not all thy heart to me.

And well I know it; for half my while
 Thy loveliness makes me to live in joy,
 And the rest is ruin,—for if thou smile,
 A day of the blessèd is mine, sweet boy;

But if thou frown, it is night with me.
 Is it seemly to wrong thy lover so?
 Oh, hearken unto an elder than thee,—
 Thou 'lt thank me for happier fortune so.

Make thy nest upon *one* tree-bough
 Whither no wild creature climbs; nor perch
 (As thy wont is) on this branch now, and now
 Upon that, ever shifting with restless search.

If a man thy beautiful body praise,
 He is more than a three-years' friend to thee,—
 Thy first lover reckoned of but three days,—
 And with haughty airs thou slightest me.

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT

But ever thine equal love, for so
Good fame shall be thine as a citizen,
And the love-god never will work thee woe,
Though lightly he conquers the hearts of men.

Soft hath he made my iron heart—
By thy tender mouth, remember, I pray,
Last year thou wert younger than now thou art,
And old we grow ere a man cry 'nay';

And wrinkles will come, and Youth will flee
Beyond recapture, for shoulder-wings
He beareth, and all too slow are we
To catch with our hands such fleeting things.

Bethink thee of this, and be less coy,
Loving thy lover guilelessly,
That, thou being no more a beardless boy,
Achilles and *his* friend we may be.

The gold apples now for thee would I bring,
Or Cerberus, ward of the dead below;
But if my words to the winds thou fling,
Murmuring 'Oh, why vex me so?'—

Then, I would not even come to my door
At thy call;—for my grievous love were o'er.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT

ALAS for this malady sore and dread !—
For a boy have I fevered many a week,
Not passing fair, but from foot to head
All grace, and a witching smile on his cheek.

And now my suffering comes and goes—
To-day I am held, to-morrow, free ;
But soon I shall know nor sleep nor repose,
For yesterday he cast upward at me,

As he passed on his way, a shy swift look,
For to meet my eyes he had deemed o'er-bold ;
And rosy he flushed, and my heart was took
In the grasp of Love with a firmer hold.

And home I hied with a fresh heart-sore,
And bitterly charging my soul I said :
'What dost thou ? Fool, wilt thou not give o'er ?
See'st not these silver hairs on thy head ?

'Tis time thou wert wise that hoary art,
And for follies of young men all unmeet.
Nay more, it were better to keep thy heart
From love of a fair boy grievous and sweet.

For his life fleets by like a fleet-foot fawn,—
Tomorrow he sails for another shore,
And the lovely flower of his youthful dawn
Shall bloom 'mid his boyish mates no more.

But Love and Desire will aye devour
The heart of his lover remembering
Him in dreams of the midnight hour,
And a year no cure to his woe can bring.'

And many another word of blame
I spake to my soul, but it answered me:
'The man who would think to put to shame
The wily love-god, a braggart is he,

And would think to number the stars above,
Setting them all in nines a-row;
And now I must bear the yoke of Love
With outstretched neck if I will or no;

For this, poor wight, is the love-god's way—
O'er Zeus and Cypris he oft prevails.
I am a leaf that lives but a day,
Wafted by light winds, driven by gales.'



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